

VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE PLAYER

8072 38

Silver Screen

October 10c



Joseph Schildkraut, Tyrone Power, Anita Louise, Norma Shearer and Robert Morley in a scene from their latest picture

BEHIND THE SCENES IN RADIO



The Great Pulitzer Prize Play Becomes the Year's Outstanding Picture!

Frank Capra's

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

JEAN

ARTHUR ★

LIONEL

BARRYMORE ★

JAMES

STEWART ★

EDWARD

ARNOLD

MISCHA AUER · ANN MILLER · SPRING BYINGTON · SAMUEL S. HINDS · DONALD MEEK · H. B. WARNER

Based on the Pulitzer Prize Play by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN & MOSS HART

Screen play by Robert Riskin

A Columbia Picture

Directed by FRANK CAPRA

FRANK CAPRA

**"This explains it—
I'm letting 'Pink Tooth Brush' spoil my smile!"**

**Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firmer
and your teeth sparkling with**

IPANA AND MASSAGE

*Ashamed of yourself, quite
ashamed, aren't you? You
knew about "pink tooth
brush." Your dentist had
warned you. But you
wouldn't follow good ad-
vice. You thought you were*

*different—that you'd get by! What a shock
to find you didn't! You're regretful now!
How miserable to feel that your own careless-
ness has put your smile in danger.*

*But now you're wiser! Now you're going
straight back to your dentist! And this time
when he stresses special care for your gums as
well as for your teeth you're going to listen.
And if he again suggests the healthy stimu-
lation of Ipana and massage—you're going to
follow his advice.*

No Wise Person Ignores "Pink Tooth Brush"

IF you've seen that tinge of "pink" on your
tooth brush—see your dentist. Let him de-
cide. Usually, however, he will tell you that
yours is a case of gums grown lazy and ten-
der—gums deprived of hard, vigorous chew-
ing by our modern soft, creamy foods. He'll
probably suggest that your gums need more
work and exercise—and, like so many den-
tists today, he may suggest "the healthful
stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only
to clean teeth but with massage to help the
health of your gums as well. Massage a little
extra Ipana into your gums every time you
clean your teeth. Circulation in the gums is
aroused—lazy gums awaken—gums tend to
become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Get an economical tube of Ipana at your
drug store today. Adopt Ipana and massage
as one helpful way to healthier gums,
brighter teeth—a brilliant smile that wins
admiring attention.



TRY THE D. D. DOUBLE DUTY TOOTH BRUSH

For more effective gum massage and more
thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for
the D. D. Double Duty Tooth Brush.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

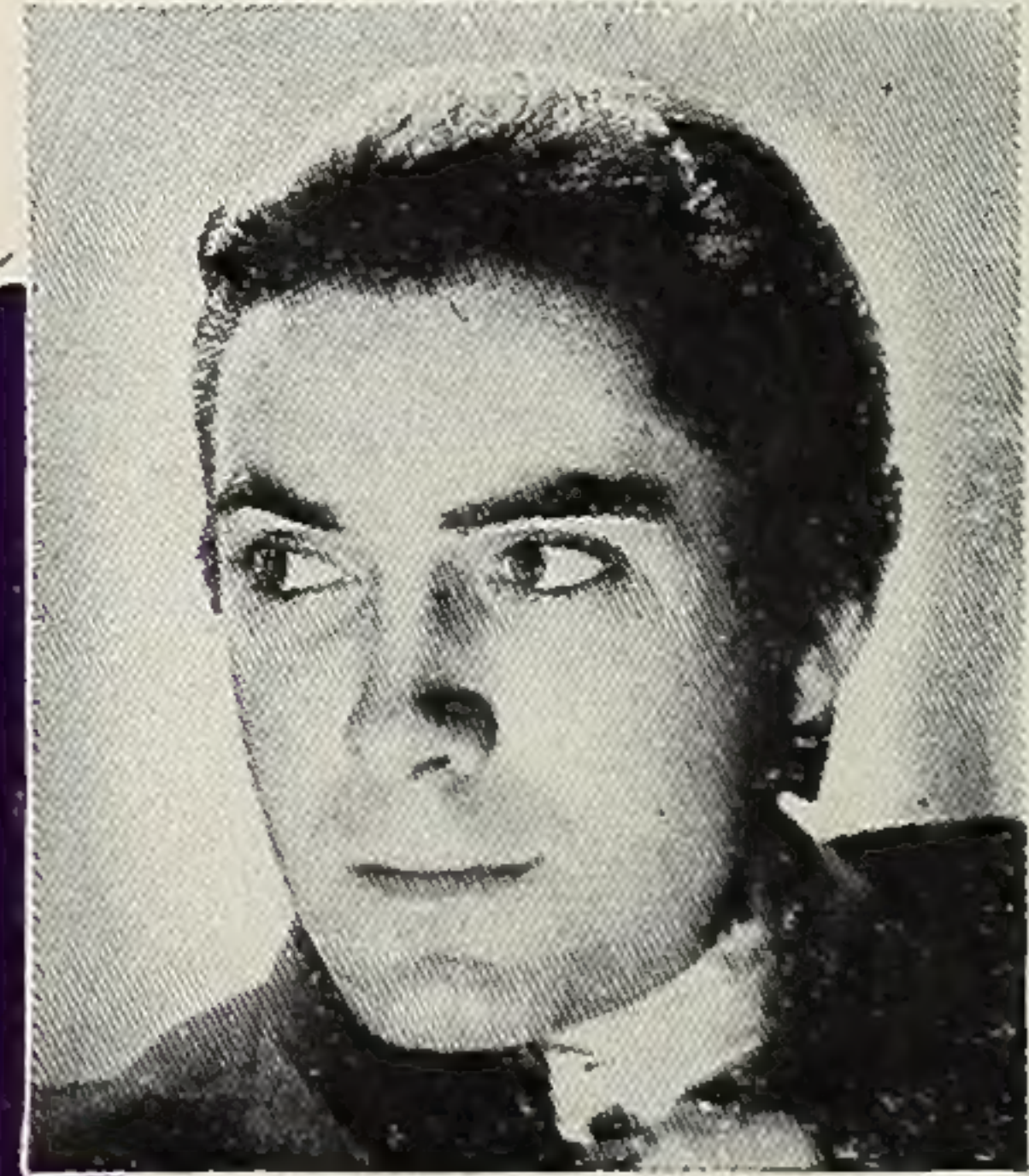
SILVER SCREEN

THE LIFE, THE SINS OF A ROYAL BAD-GIRL!

The world has read and remembered the story of Marie Antoinette... glamorous Queen of France. Of her virtues... her intrigue and brilliance as a queen but... more than anything else... we read of her scarlet history as the playgirl of Europe... of her flirtations... her escapades with the noblemen of her court... her extravagances even while her subjects starved. * Now the screen gives us... "MARIE ANTOINETTE" the woman... we see her, as tho' through a keyhole... not on the pages of history... but in her boudoir... in the perfumed halls of the palace of Versailles... on the moonlit nights in her garden... A rendezvous with her lover... we follow her through triumphs and glory... midst the pageantry of that shameless court... we see the tottering of her throne... the uprising of her people... her arrest and imprisonment... and we follow her on that last ride through the streets of Paris to the guillotine. NEVER... not since the screen found voice... has there been a drama so mighty in emotional conflict... so sublime in romance... so brilliant in spectacle... so magnificent in performance... truly "MARIE ANTOINETTE" reaches the zenith of extraordinary entertainment thrill!



NEVER HAS THE SCREEN WITNESSED A GREATER PERFORMANCE THAN THAT OF NORMA SHEARER AS THE "ROYAL BAD-GIRL"



ROMANTIC TYRONE POWER AS THE MAN WHO OFFERED HER THE LOVE SHE COULD NEVER FIND IN HER STRANGE MARRIAGE

NORMA TYRONE
SHEARER - POWER

in Metro • Goldwyn • Mayer's Finest Motion Picture

The Private Life of

MARIE ANTOINETTE

JOHN BARRYMORE • ROBERT MORLEY
ANITA LOUISE • JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

Gladys GEORGE • Henry STEPHENSON

Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II • Produced by HUNT STROMBERG



Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON

Western Editor

LENORE SAMUELS

Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL

Art Director

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ART SECTION

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The girl on the cover this month is Norma Shearer (portrait by Marland Stone) in an off-stage pose arranged against a still in black and white, showing a scene from "Marie Antoinette." The preparations made for the filming of this picture have never been equalled. Costumes and properties were authentic and beautiful, and no student who respects the great stories of history but will be grateful for the superb production of this dramatic film. The cover is a fine introduction to our magazine and a well deserved tribute to Miss Shearer.

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

The Opening Chorus

A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR BOSS:

There's something about fans I'll never understand I guess, and this has nothing to do with Sally Rand. Heaven only knows I have been a fan myself quite long enough to understand their psychology from any angle, though I much prefer the sitting angle. Now I must admit I am baffled, but completely baffled by these folk.

Not long ago there was the de luxe premiere of "Marie Antoinette" at the Carthay Circle here and Metro, good old Metro, built stacks of grandstand seats, and they tell me that by nine o'clock on the morning of that premiere the seats were packed and jammed by several thousand fans, and I know that by nine o'clock that night there were even thousands more fans lining the streets leading up to the theatre.

When Norma Shearer, Merle Oberon, Robert Taylor, Hedy Lamarr, Clark Gable and all the other stars appeared, there was such shouting and whistling and stamping as you've never heard. Later, at the Trocadero, where Mr. Mayer entertained for Norma, there were thousands of other fans standing out in front, applauding and begging for autographs—and they were still there at four o'clock in the morning! Well, that's all right. If Clark Gable and Robert Taylor weren't part of my job I'd do that too. But—

One Saturday night not long ago Merle Oberon wanted to go dancing, and no one likes dancing for the pure joy of dancing more than Merle. "The Palomar," I said, "has Tommy Dorsey and the best swing music in town." "You can't go to the Palomar," shrieked people to Merle, "you'll be torn limb from limb by the fans. You'll spend the whole evening signing autographs. Why they'll mow you down."

The Palomar, I might add for the sake of the uninitiated, is the biggest dance hall in Los Angeles, and you don't have to mortgage your home to pay the check.

"We'll go to the Palomar," said Merle, and so off we tripped with Hedy Lamarr, Reggie Gardiner and George Brent. When we entered that tremendous hall, and saw thousands of the great American public, I thought well this is where I get pushed around, I ought to know better than go to dance halls with stars.

But I'll have you know that Hollywood's entrance at the Palomar couldn't have been less exciting. Those same people might stand out in front of the Troc until four in the morning for a glimpse of Merle Oberon and Hedy Lamarr, but boy, when they get to the Palomar, they're not fans, they're jitterbugs. They were far more interested in "Flat Foot Floogie" and the trap drummer than they were in movie stars.

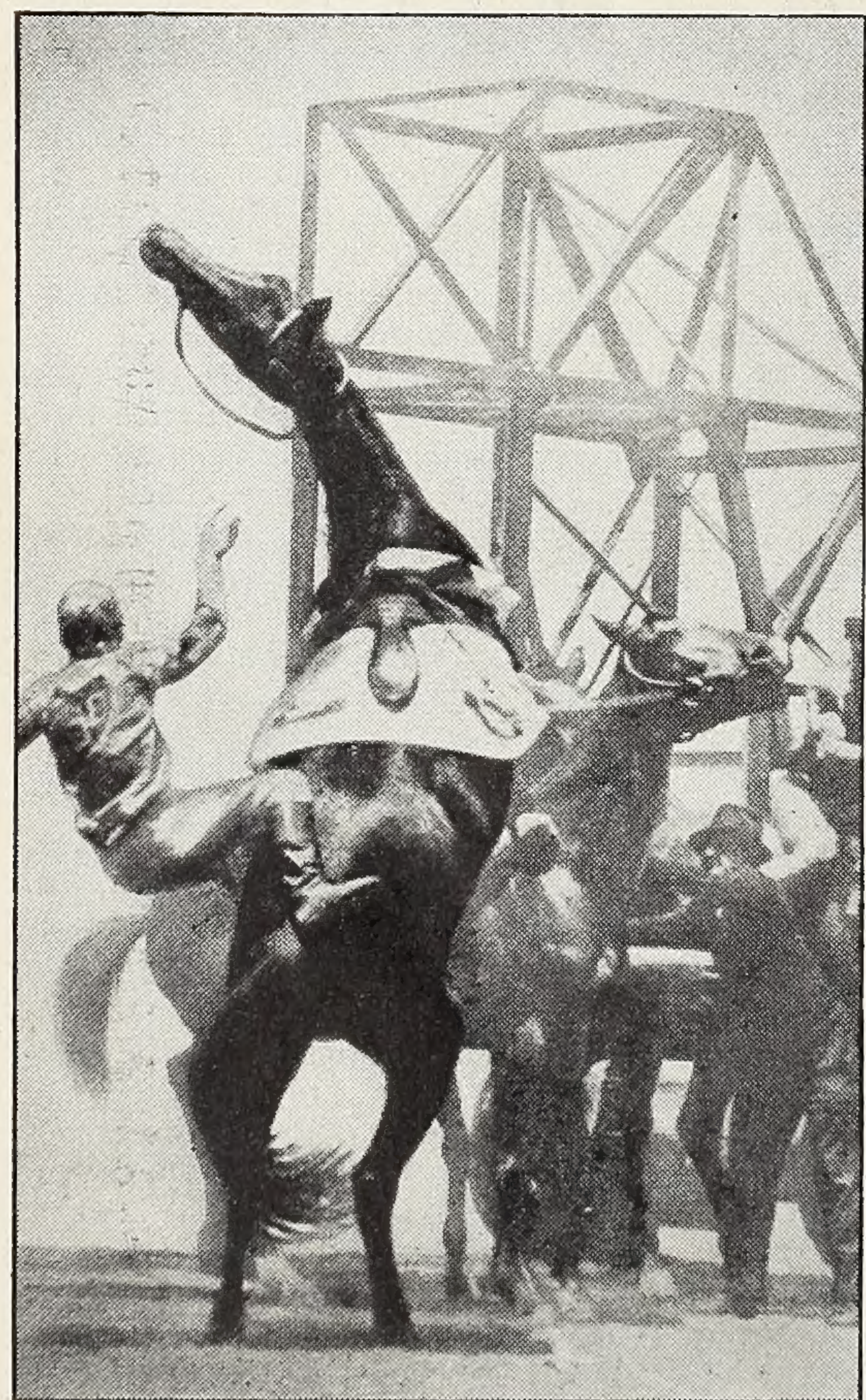
Merle and Hedy danced to their heart's content, but only twice during the entire evening were they asked for autographs. Later Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck dropped by, and Bette Davis and hubby Harmon Nelson, but they didn't rate any more autographs than our party. Yes, I'm completely baffled by fans.

Liza

Paramount Discovers the Gol-Darndest Family in the U.S.A.



"You may be my brother, but you're a louse for my money." Joe Beebe (Bing Crosby) gets a piece of David Beebe's (Fred MacMurray's) mind.



"Hold him, Mike, he's rearin'." Uncle Gus attempts to toss Mike Beebe (Donald O'Connor) at the barrier as the big race begins.

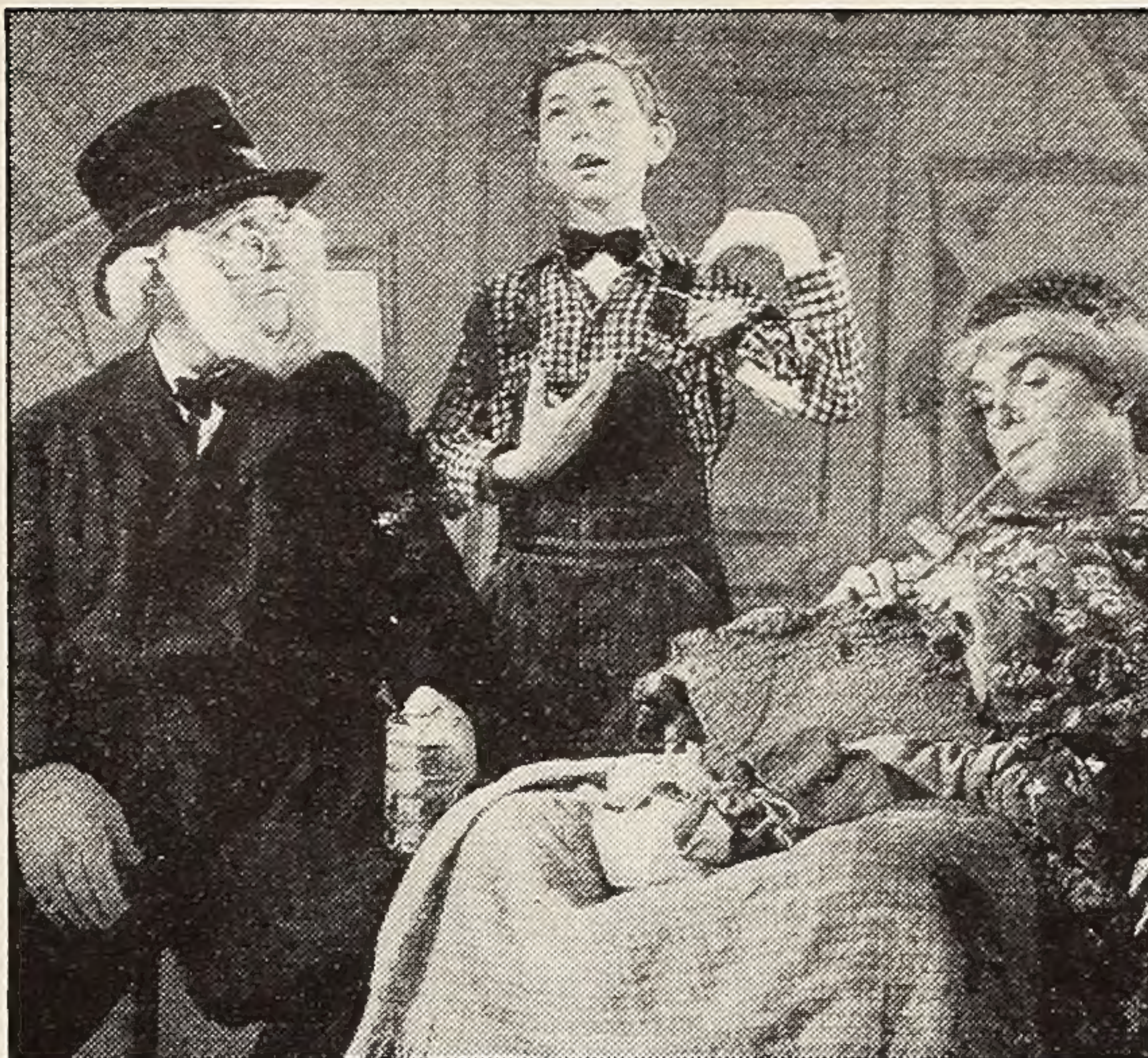
MAYBE you think your family takes the platinum ear-muffs for getting themselves into one continuous tub of hot water and parking there. You haven't met the Beebes, that amazing brood, whose family biography bounces blithely upon the screen in Paramount's newest contribution to the nation's mirthrate, "Sing You Sinners." When "Ma" Beebe (Elizabeth Patterson) says, "Bringing up a Beebe is just one big headache," "Ma" is really guilty of understatement. For, when it comes to sticking their necks out, to taking it on that portion of the human chassis known as the chin, the Beebes capture every prize, including the Scandinavian. And that goes for all of them, Joe (Bing Crosby), David (Fred MacMurray) and little Mike (Wesley Ruggles' new discovery, Donald O'Connor).

Take Joe, for instance. Joe claims only dumb guys go in for hard work. So what does Joe do? Joe bets on the horses. As if that isn't bad enough, he buys one. And what a horse! Uncle Gus Beebe may have been an all right gee-gee, with a little horse sense before joining the Beebe family. Now he is just another Beebe in "Ma's" bonnet, acting up and sowing his wild oats exactly like Joe. But if you think Joe and Uncle Gus pile the worries on "Ma's" shoulders, you haven't met David. David looks like the only sane, sober, serious one of the brothers Beebe. So what does he do? Well, he takes one look at those bangtail friends of Joe's, buckety-bucketing round the track, and he forgets all about Martha (Ellen Drew, Paramount's newest lovely-to-look-at), he forgets all about being

the family meal ticket, and he goes just as haywire as Joe and Uncle Gus.

And what about Mike, baby of the Beebes? What about him? Why he makes more trouble for "Ma" than all the rest put together. For it's Mike who gets himself into a canary-colored jockey jacket and rides the Beebe entry in the big race. Yes, and has "Ma" reaching for those smelling salts as he gets thrown at the barrier. No siree, sir, you can't beat the Beebes. And you can't beat Paramount and Paramount's Producer-Director Wesley Ruggles when it comes to whipping up the grandest comedy of the year . . . which is, of course, the bounding biography of the brawling, betting, beloved Beebes . . . Paramount's "Sing You Sinners."

Paramount Postscript . . . If you're wondering why the Beebe biography is called "Sing You Sinners," just wait'll you hear the Beebe Boys sing the new Paramount hits: "A Pocketful of Dreams," "Small Fry," "Laugh and Call It Love," and "Don't Let That Moon Get Away."



"You're not the only catfish in the sea." The Beebe Boys give out with their number, "Small Fry," as Ma Beebe tells 'em "Sing, You Sinners."



"You can't call us Beebes any names like that." A quiet afternoon with the Beebes as the family unites against a very common foe.

NEWS FROM THE BIG PARAMOUNT LOT

"ARKANSAS TRAVELER"



"PARAMOUNT'S 'Arkansas Traveler,'" writes Bing Crosby's radio buddy, Bob Burns, "is the story of a very lazy man, which is me. In fact, he's so lazy he makes the ordinary lazy man look like a bundle of nerves. Yet he's got a lot of common sense. For where the hard-workin' feller has it easy on account of when work is offered him all he does is take it, the lazy feller has got to figure ways of gettin' around workin'. And that takes a heap of sense. Paramount has gone and teamed me with a person you'll be glad to see. He's got a face on him that's like my Uncle Snazzy's. Once you've recovered from the shock, you'll never forget it. His name is Irvin S. Cobb."

"MEN WITH WINGS"

When they called the roll of stunt flyers assembled on the Paramount lot for the breathtaking plane flights in "Men With Wings," Paramount's Technicolor cavalcade of American aviation, they discovered this was the biggest bunch of air aces to hit Hollywood since Producer-Director William Wellman's first aviation triumph, "Wings."

Another Award Winner...

Coast critics are predicting Frank Lloyd, many times winner of the prized Motion Picture Academy Award, has a potential winner in Paramount's "If I Were King" starring Ronald Colman.



CALL YOUR THEATRE

ASK THEM TO LET YOU KNOW WHEN THESE PARAMOUNT PICTURES ARE PLAYING

Coming soon to your favorite theatre, Paramount's boisterous biography of America's funniest family.



Slaphappy Joe Beebe (Bing Crosby)



Martha (About-Ia-Be) Beebe (Ellen Drew)



Two-Fisted David Beebe (Fred MacMurray)

Bing Crosby • Fred MacMurray "SING YOU SINNERS"

with Ellen Drew • Elizabeth Patterson • Donald O'Connor

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY

Wesley Ruggles



"Ma," Boss of the Beebes (Elizabeth Patterson)



Uncle Gus Beebe (Courtesy the Crosby stables)



Mike (Small Fry) Beebe (Donald O'Connor)



Heather Thatcher and a few of the girls in "Girls' School."

SO ANOTHER month rolls around and most studios are at peak production. First there is—

R-K-O

THE most eagerly awaited picture on this lot is "Carefree" starring Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. The waits between the pictures of these two is all too long. What a set this! Two stages have been thrown into one and they have reproduced an entire country club, including the grounds immediately surrounding the clubhouse. This particular scene is the lounge of the clubhouse and Ginger and Fred are dancing. Not since "The Gay Divorcee" when they danced over tables and chairs have they done a dance to compare with this one.

Ginger flops into chairs while Fred keeps dancing, then she's up and dancing again and never missing a beat. Her gray, accordeon pleated chiffon floats and swirls in the breeze they create. Finally the dance is finished and Ginger waves "hello" but as I start toward her Fred suggests they rehearse a little more, so off they go again.

As there is no let-up in sight I leave and proceed to the next set, which is "Gunga Din." Here Mr. Cary Grant is being sewn into the tunic you see him wearing in the picture. It doesn't quite fit and there is no time to make alterations so they just take in the slack as best they can and let him writhe as best he can because it is one of the hottest days of the summer.

"Hi, Dick," he calls cheerfully. "That was a swell story you wrote on me. I've had a lot of favorable comment about it."

I blush and modestly stammer my thanks for that, from Cary, is praise indeed. He hates interviews. "Any time you want to do another one, sing out," he continues and I almost faint. But at this point some woman interviewer from England buttonholes him. Cary remembers her vaguely but she is not to be daunted. "Don't you remember the last time we met?" she burbles. "It was a very hot day about a year and a half ago. We had luncheon together and you had a salad and a glass of milk."

I begin to understand vaguely why Cary doesn't like interviews. Here is a man who meets dozens of people a day—visitors on his sets whom he sees once and never again. Almost every day he has luncheon with an interviewer. Here is a woman who met him once a year and a half ago and who, underneath her smile, is mightily vexed because he doesn't remember her. She rambles on for another half hour, her smile becoming more fixed and her tones more poisonously sweet with each passing minute. Then the

PICTURES ON THE FIRE

The famous dance team of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in the rhythm of "Carefree."

The Studios Are Making Pictures Furiously, The Players Are There Delivering Their Talents—And S. R. Mook Looks Them Over.



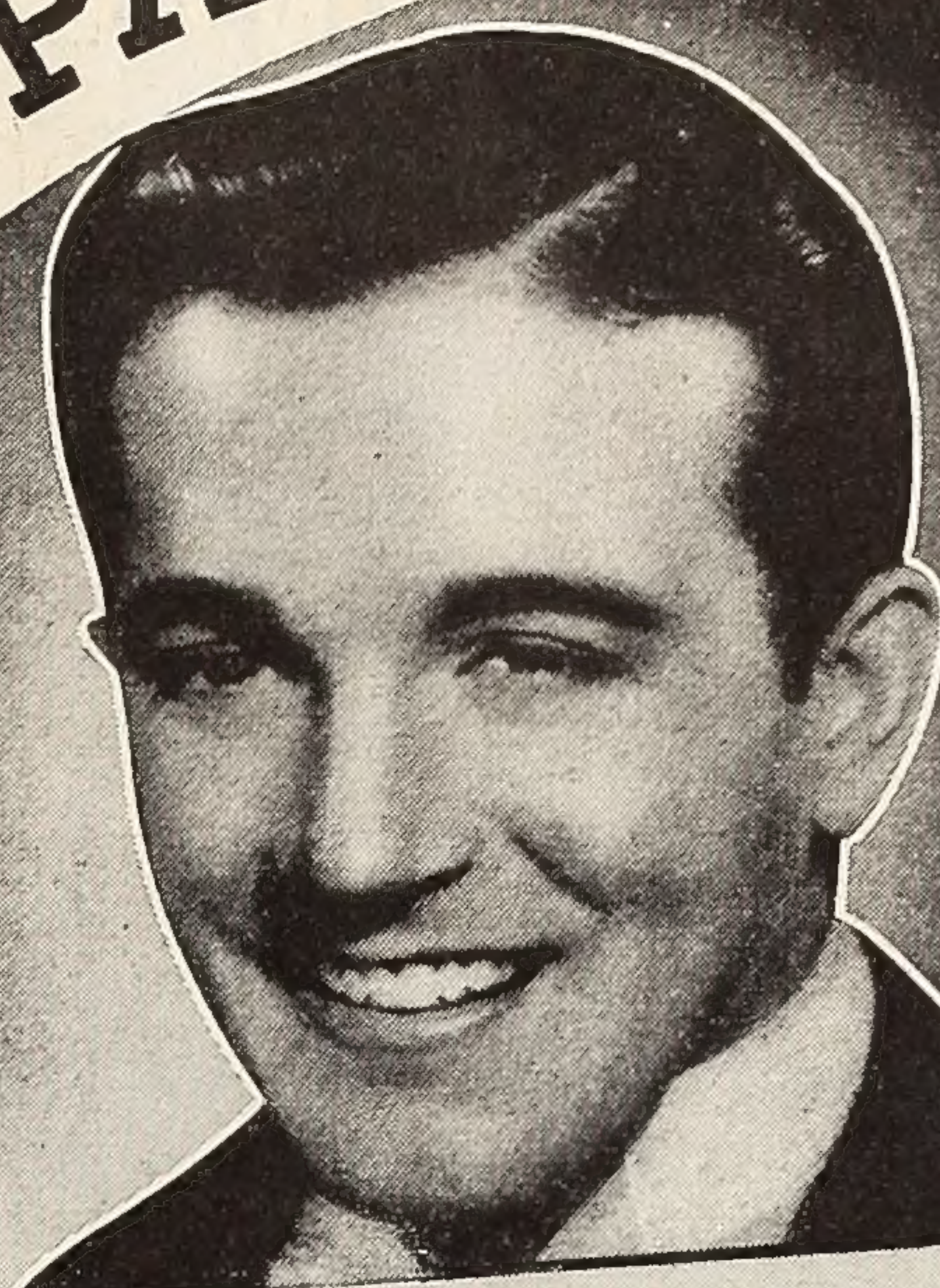
PAT O'BRIEN

Pat in a grand new part... a night-world king who rules with a glad hand!



JOHN PAYNE

A dashing new personality fights and loves his way to Hollywood's heart!



HEADING THE PARADE IN MOTION PICTURES' GREATEST YEAR!
Here's the new season's high level in new entertainment. Packed with action! Crammed with surprises! Be there when this fast-moving romance is shown in your theatre!

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GARDEN OF THE MOON

JOE VENUTI AND HIS SWING CATS • JOHNNIE DAVIS • JERRY COLONNA



"Everybody but me turns in a five-bell performance."
—Jimmie Fidler

JIMMIE FIDLER



The greatest Lindsay you've ever seen... in a role that's the soul of romance!

MARGARET LINDSAY

DIRECTED BY BUSBY BERKELEY • Screen Play by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay
From the Saturday Evening Post Story by H. Bedford-Jones and Barton Browne • Music and Lyrics by Harry Warren, Al Dubin and Johnny Mercer • A First National Picture.

Hear these great new song hits: "GARDEN OF THE MOON," "LOVE IS WHERE YOU FIND IT," "CONFIDENTIALLY," "THE LADY ON THE TWO-CENT STAMP," "GIRL FRIEND OF THE WHIRLING DERVISH."

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BETTY WALES WRINKLE REDUCER helps to prevent and smooth away lines and wrinkles. This marvelous Liquid Cream, containing vitamin-rich Fruit Oils, needs nothing additional—no facial masks or combination treatments. You have only one article to buy—and it's very economical! Your postal card will bring full information FREE, or send \$1.00 for Trial Size, good for 60 treatments! Money refunded if you're not delighted with results.

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DEXDIET now offered under no-risk-to-you Money Back Guarantee so that YOU, too, can discover whether you are one of the happy, lucky "65's!" Mrs. W. P. of Earnest, Pa. writes: "I've lost 14 lbs. since I started your method. I have never found anything like it for reducing."

DOCTORS! Write for special Physicians' Bulletin "C." **7 DAYS' TRIAL** Are YOU one of the lucky "65's?" Find out. Be sensible about reducing. **WRITE TODAY.** Just say: "Send FREE sample and details of no-risk trial offer."

DEXDIET, Inc., Dept. D-23, 360 N. Michigan, Chicago



Peter Lynton, Clark Gable and Leo Carrillo. A scene from "Too Hot To Handle."

director rescues our hero.

"Let's have a take," he suggests.

The scene is laid in India. Oh, you've read Kipling? Excuse me but I'll bet you haven't read him the way R-K-O is interpreting him. Cary, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen are, I gather, three musketeers in the service of Her Majesty, the late Queen Victoria. When there is an uprising of the natives in the hills near the Khyber Pass, the commandant of the station orders Cary and Vic into the hills, along with Robert Coote. Doug is told he can't go because his enlistment expires in a few days. So, at a party Cecil Kellaway is giving to announce Doug's engagement to his daughter (Joan Fontaine), Doug dumps a bottle of medicine intended for the troop's elephants into the punchbowl. Cary and Vic keep urging Mr. Coote to have another drink. And to make him drink more they keep warning him he can't hold it.

"I can 'old it all right," Coote assures him.

"I 'ope so," Cary rejoins doubtfully.

"What's this?" Coote asks suddenly. "You're not drinking, gentlemen." He reaches for a third glass.

"We're lost in admiration of you," Vic assures him.

"You're not taking another?" Cary eggs him on.

"Why not?" Coote scoffs. He downs it and his eyes cross.

"'Urry up," Cary warns Vic, as he grabs Coote's arm.

Vic throws the rest of the punch out the window and grabs Coote's other arm.

"Whassa matter?" Coote asks weakly.

"Don't strain yourself speaking, Higginbottom," Vic cautions him. "Keep a stiff upper lip."

"'Old everything till we get outside," Cary pleads nervously.

"If that scene is as funny on the screen as it is in the shooting—" I mutter ominously as I twirl my mustache and stride off into the fast-gathering darkness.

BUT when I have strode off the stage it is only 10:30 in the morning, the sun is shining brightly and I am standing in front of the stage where the Marx Brothers and the ubiquitous Frank Albertson are making

"Room Service." You talk about your "Book of the Month," "Room Service" was "The Hit of the Year." Groucho is an impecunious theatrical producer. He can't get money to finance his show so he is looking for an "angel"—and not the late and unlamented Marlene Dietrich, formerly of pictures. His cast has rehearsed free of charge (Equity, please take note), but they have no money to live on so Groucho magnanimously has them all move into his hotel and has their bills charged to his account. The hotel is run by Groucho's brother-in-law. We never meet his sister. I guess the boys worried her into an early grave.

The supervisor of the hotel, Donald MacBride, arrives and is staggered at the \$1200 bill Groucho has run up. He starts raising the old Nick when Lucille Ball bursts in. She is secretary to a rival producer but her sympathies are with the Marxes because Groucho has promised her the lead in the play. She has found an angel. His name is Jenkins (Phil Wood) and he represents a West Coast tycoon. After many complications have beset the merry-mad Marxes he arrives to talk things over, and tells them if they will have a contract ready next morning he will return and give them a check for \$15,000.

Between then and next morning there are more complications. MacBride is having them locked out of their rooms. If they aren't there to meet him they'll lose contact with Jenkins. So they paint Frank Albertson (the author of the play) with iodine spots and pretend he has measles because you can't throw a sick man out of a hotel room into the streets. But Frank goes to see his loved one (Ann Miller) and when Mac returns with a doctor, Grocho quickly paints Harp and sticks him in Frank's bed. Jenkins finally arrives and gives them the check but immediately thereafter realizes everything is not kosher. He wants nothing more to do with these people and leaves. Frank returns looking (for him) very crestfallen.

"Davis!" Groucho ejaculates.

"We're rich!" Miss Ball screams.

"Fifteen grand!" Chico announces.

"I just saw Mr. Jenkins in the lobby," Frank informs them glumly.

"I suppose he told you?" Groucho

A TIP ABOUT BATHING TO A GIRL WITH A DATE TONIGHT



After your bath, don't fail to give underarms Mum's sure care!

WHAT a wonderful *lift* a bath gives to a girl who is going out in the evening. It starts you off so gloriously fresh and alive.

But even the most perfect bath can't protect you all evening long. Underarms must have *special* care—that's why smart girls, *popular* girls, follow every bath with Mum! They know that a bath only takes care of *past* perspiration—but Mum keeps underarms sweet through the hours *to come*—makes odor impossible.

Many a girl who starts out fresh, loses that freshness before the evening's over. If you want to avoid worry about underarm odor—if you want to be a girl who gets a *second* date and a *third*—remember, no bath protects you like a bath plus Mum. Then you'll never risk offending

others, never risk spoiling your own good times. Always use Mum.

MUM IS QUICK! Just half a minute is all you ever need to apply Mum.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is completely harmless to every fabric. And Mum is gentle, actu-

ally soothing to the skin. You can use it immediately after shaving the underarms.

MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop perspiration—it simply banishes all odor, all day or all evening long. Hours after your bath, Mum will keep you as fresh and sweet as when you started out.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT USE FOR MUM
—Thousands of girls use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know it's gentle, safe, sure. Avoid worries and embarrassment with Mum.

ONE HALF MINUTE AND YOUR CHARM IS SAFE



MUM

 TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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"GOOD FORM"
Soft Skin
by REAL-FORM**



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Knitted of Lastex and Bemberg... and fashioned to fit.

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wise girls don't risk body odors! after every bath use **Hush** and be Sure



You're dainty and sweet as you step from your bath. Stay that way for Hours Longer with HUSH. There's a type for each need:

CREAM—Pure, soothing to skin, harmless to dress fabrics.

LIQUID—Instant, protects 24 hours. Regular, for 1 to 3 days.

POWDER—Ideal for Sanitary Napkins. Keeps feet and shoes fresh.

25c 50c—10c size at 10c counters

chortles.

"He told me he was going to stop payment on the check," Frank groans. They all react to this and Groucho leaps at Frank. "He said he endorsed it just to get out of here," Frank goes on gloomily.

"He can't do that," Groucho yelps. "He signed the contract—or did he?" He pushes Frank aside and leaps at the desk, picking up the contract. He puts it down slowly as everyone watches him.

"Gee, I feel sick," says Frank.

"Four months to get it," Groucho rages, "and one minute to lose it." His anger mounts. "They can't do this to me. I'm going to sue the hotel for a hundred thousand dollars!" Because after all, I mean, it was the supervisor's fault they lost it. It's it's it's, I lost my yellow basket.

"You haven't got a leg to stand on," Chico announces.

"Then I'll sue Zachary Fiske (the tycoon)—I'll sue Jenkins," Groucho storms. "He didn't sign the contract," Chico tells him calmly.

"There must be somebody I can sue," Groucho fumes.

How about that artist who sued Connie Bennett, Groucho?

Never mind, Marxes, I'm just kidding. When the picture is previewed, I'll be in there holding my sides and laughing like hell if it kills me, which it probably will, but you're not going to spoil "Room Service" for me even if you have re-written the script and even if you play it as I'm sure the author never intended it to be played. But, aside from that, fifty million people seem to like you and "Who Am I To Say?"

Nothing more on this lot today but—Coming Next Month—Barbara Stanwyck in "The Mad Miss Manton." It's an easy stroll from here to—

Paramount

"MEN With Wings" is still on location. (I'm fast coming to believe this picture is a myth). So is Bob Burns in "An Arkansas Traveler." Claudette Colbert is just starting in "Zaza" so I'll post you on that one next month, too. Left, is Bing Crosby in "Paris Honeymoon" with Francisca Gael—and what could be sweeter.

But when I reach the set (you remember that set in "Tropic Holiday" where Tito Guizar returns to the bar from the bull-fights) it looks like a tournament of roses and instead of being a Mexican village it is now a Bavarian village and Mr. C (in a tuxedo) instead of "Riding around in the rain" is riding around in a donkey cart with Miss Gael and singing "Jubilo" which I'm sure you'll have heard before this reaches your eyes so there's no use my trying to sing it for you—at least, not on paper.

There being nothing more to see here, let's truck on down the street to—

United Artists

WELL, it isn't really United Artists. It's Hal Roache's Studio where he is making a picture called "There Goes My Heart" and it's for United Artists release. As if that wasn't enough, it stars Fredric March and Virginia Bruce with Nancy Carroll and Alan Mowbray lending a helping hand.

Virginia seems to be an heiress who is tired of it all. She is running away. Freddie is a newspaper man and not one to spurn a story when it is thrown in his face. So-o-o, he's taking her to a desert island somewhere off the coast of New York City. And what I mean to say is, it's really a desert island—just sand, rocks and a hut. The island is so close to New York they row out in a dinghy—with an outboard motor.

"Welcome to Spencer estate," he welcomes her with a sweep of his arm as he helps her out. "It's also known as Sand Island.



Fredric March and Virginia Bruce in "There Goes My Heart."

Only forty-five minutes from Brooklyn. How do you like it?"

"It's grand," she exults and then inquires fearfully, "Do many people come here?"

"Only when there's a shipwreck," he reassures her, "and even then they usually wash up on the other shore. Don't worry. Nobody would ever think of looking for you here."

"Then I'll love it," she announces.

"When I first came here," he continues, "this was practically a barren island. Now look at it."

"Just imagine!" she coos. "Was that washed up on the shore, too?" she asks, indicating the shack.

"How dare you!" Fred chides her. "That's the Spencer mansion. It grew from a little 'For Sale' sign that big (indicating by holding his hands about two feet apart).

"I humbly apologize," Virginia returns contritely. "It does look cute from the outside. Has it got an inside?"

"It has, if I've got a key," he replies fumbling in his pocket and finally digging one out. He opens the door and lo and behold, what do you suppose is there? Why, nothing more nor less than a big brick fireplace!

"Bill, this is grand!" Virginia murmurs ecstatically. "Let's start a fire."

"And me without a cent of insurance," Freddie moans.

"In the fireplace, silly," Virginia comes back snappily.

"If you're cold, how about a glass of brandy?" Freddie suggests, always with an eye to the MAIN CHANCE.

"You can't sit in front of a glass of brandy," Virginia demurs.

Well, Jinnie, maybe you can't sit in front of one but you can sure sit around one and get a much better flow from the brandy than you can from the fire.

"Five years ago come Michaelmas," Freddie begins accusingly to me when the scene is finished, "my wife wrote you a note and invited you to come up of an evening and split a cocktail or something and to date you haven't showed."

"Mr. March," I retort, "will you kindly convey my apologies to your wife and tell her it was purely an oversight. You might further inform her that she can expect me almost any minute."

With such encouragement on both our parts there seems to be no occasion for hanging around this set any longer, particularly since Miss Bruce is now Mrs. Rubin and very chary of issuing invitations, so I jog on to—

M-G-M

OUT here, "Too Hot to Handle" goes on and on and on but the gods are against me. Last month, Myrna Loy wasn't working, so I postponed covering the set until this month. When I get there today she still isn't working and life looks very, very dark, indeed. Mr. Clark Gable and Mr. Leo Carrillo are working and both of them are most estimable gentlemen. But neither of them is Miss Loy. I cover my chagrin as best I can and pretend to be very, very glad to see both of them which, indeed, I am. But just as I am on the point of wheedling an invitation from Mr. Gable to accompany him on a lion hunt (more on the strength of my ability as a cook than because of my prowess as a marksman—not that I'm not a good shot, mind you) Jack Conway (the director) has to go and call them for a shot.

About five hundred nude negroes troop into the scene, done up in loin cloths and war paint and purporting to be Djukas from South Guiana.

"Where's that make-up man?" yells Mr. Conway and without waiting for anyone to answer he shouts, "spray some sweat on these people."

But the script man says, "No! It isn't time for them to sweat yet. They don't sweat until the beef begins."

Peter Lynton is supposed to be Myrna's brother and he is being held captive by the natives. He's been wounded and Gable is supposed to carry him into the scene and lay him down on a cot. Gable lifts him tentatively to see if he can carry him in his arms or if he's going to have to sling him over his shoulder. I don't know if I've ever mentioned it but that Gable is not only built like a brick house, he's as strong as an ox. He picks up Mr. Lynton and it looks like he's going to heave him from the door to the cot.



In foreground, Robert Montgomery and Janet Gaynor in "The Young in Heart."

"Remember, Clark." Mr. Conway encourages him, "you're really Paul Bunyon and Pete is just a feather in your arms."

"Well, he's the heaviest feather I ever lifted," Clark grunts.

They rehearse this scene until my own arms ache thinking of Clark carrying around about 160 pounds, but he doesn't seem to mind. I glance hopefully towards Miss Loy's ——— but it is still dark. I know when Clark finishes this scene he is not

going to be in any mood for lions or even cooking or anything else but a Scotch and soda and he can make that as well as I can, so I fare on to the next stage where—

THERE'S still another picture shooting out here. It's Devil-may-care Bob Montgomery and Goody-two-shoes Janet Gaynor in "Three Loves Has Nancy." Once more Robert is a successful novelist (the last time was with Marion Davies and Louise Fazenda was his publisher. This time his publisher is Franchot Tone who may not be as funny, but he's more convincing).

Well, Novelist Bob goes on a tour through the South and meets Janet in a small town. She has just been left waiting at the church. Her grandpappy tells her to go to New York and locate her loved one. On the same train (the long arm of coincidence, again) is Bob returning home. They renew acquaintance, Bob gives her his phone number and tells her if she gets into any trouble in the Big City to call him. So she calls him and next thing we know there they are in a swank night club with everyone in evening dress but them. And Bob is appealing to Janet for help in developing the plot of his new novel. The name of the novel's heroine is Chickadee.

"Now," says Bob when they are seated at their table, "we've got Chickadee alone in the park."

"What's she there for?" the practical Janet wonders.

"Love has got to enter her life," Bob explains gently. "Even my serials can't go on for more than three installments without love." He thinks for a moment—but deeply—and then inquires, almost disparagingly, "Now, what kind of a man would fall for Chickadee?"

Janet gives him a hurt look, then speaks with real fire: "Maybe you'd better find [Continued on page 64]



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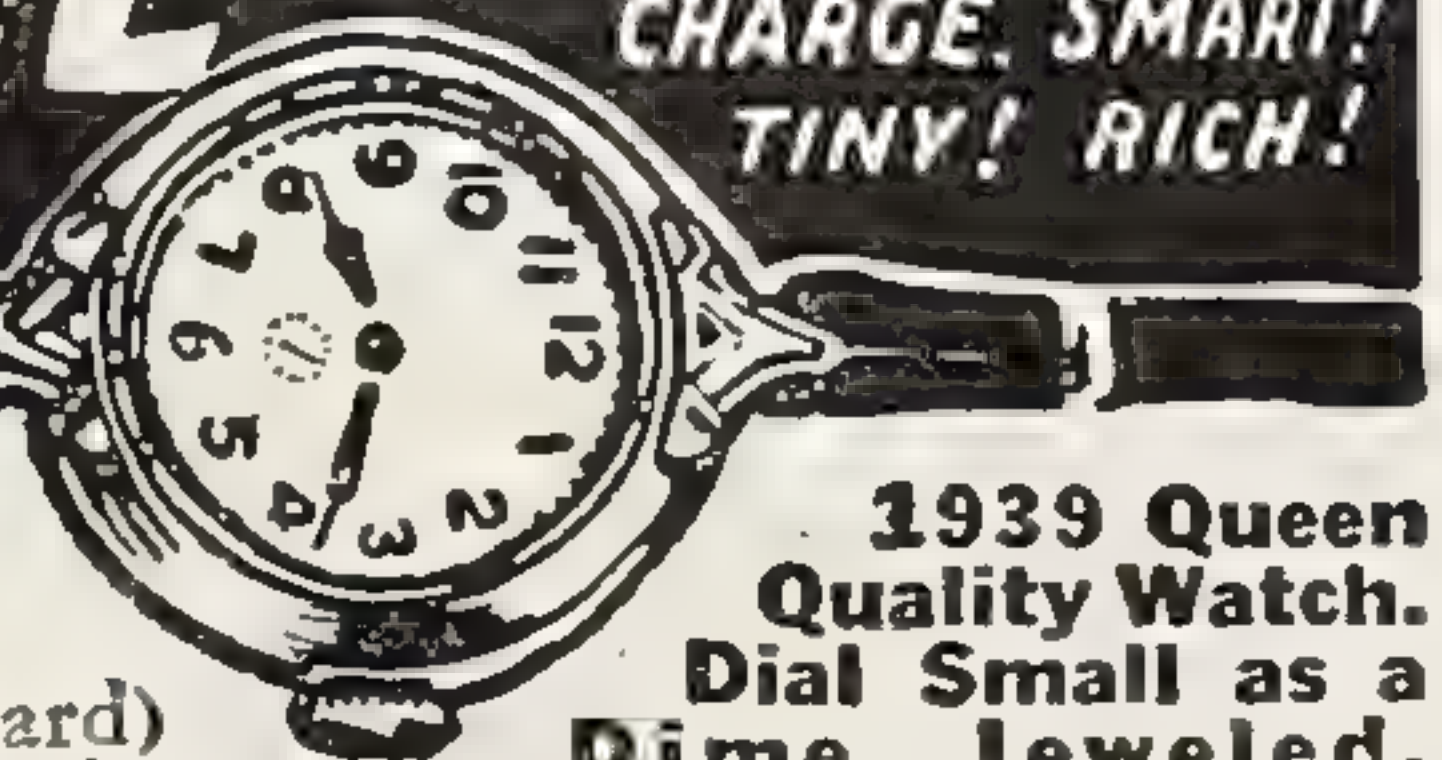
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Ruth Hussey and Robert Young pretend to be quite amused by Lew Ayres' inebriated mood in "Rich Man, Poor Girl."



ARMY GIRL—Fine. Although there is plenty of sentiment and romance in this film, it principally tells how modern ideas have crept into the army completely ousting some of the old traditions. The very excellent cast includes H. B. Warner, Madge Evans, Preston Foster and James Gleason.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND IN AFRICA—Good. Everybody seems to enjoy the Bulldog Drummond mysteries, and this new feature in the series moves along like lightning from start to finish. The love interest is subordinated to the melodramatic plot and, for once, we don't miss that tender emotion. John Howard in title part, Heather Angel as the girl he is engaged to, H. B. Warner as the Scotland Yard executive, J. Carroll Naish as the villain and Reginald Denny in his usual role.

DARK SANDS—Interesting. Half of the picture was actually filmed in the Sahara, giving the desert background authenticity and charm. Paul Robeson, the famous negro singer, plays one of the three leading roles. The other two are Henry Wilcoxon and Wallace Ford. The story is dramatic and has the excitement of novelty.

DESPERATE ADVENTURE, A—Good. This is not so desperate as it sounds, but a rather charming, nostalgic romance about an artist (Ramon Novarro) whose painting of a Dream Girl has been placed by well-meaning friends in a prominent exhibition. Apparently Ramon resents this very much, and the story concerns his retrieving the canvas. Eric Blore is well cast for comedy relief and Margaret Tallichet and Marion Marsh provide the glamour.

GIVE ME A SAILOR—Only fair. Martha Raye and Betty Grable are the fair damsels who smite the hearts of sailors Bop Hope and Jack Whiting when the latter are on shore leave. There are several moderately good songs, some moderately good comedy and just moderately good performances. Which is saying a lot.

GLADIATOR, THE—Good. One of the better Joe E. Brown vehicles, this is bound to hand you a number of laughs. On bank night Brown walks into a movie theatre bent on a knightly gesture and finds himself instead the winner of \$1,000. With this money he returns to college to finish a course left off twelve years before, a situation that leads to much fun. (Man Mountain Dean, June Travis, Dickie Moore).

I'M FROM THE CITY—Fair. You'll have to like Mr. Joe Penner a whole lot to like this opus, because it isn't even up to his usual standard. In it he plays a tenderfoot who, when hypnotized (remember Cowboy From Brooklyn) is able to ride bareback in a circus. There are laughs throughout, of course, but sometimes they're rather painfully achieved. (Lorraine Krueger, Kay Sutton, Paul Guilfoyle).

MARIE ANTOINETTE—Splendid. The most gorgeous production of the year! The story of the ill-fated Austrian who became Queen of France, only to perish during the Revolution, is magnificently told, with every performance, big and small, a gem in its own right. Stefan Zweig's excellent biography of Marie is used as the basis for the film's plot structure. (Norma Shearer, Tyrone Power, John Barrymore, Joseph Schildkraut, Anita Louise, Robert Morley.)

MR. CHUMP—Amusing. This genuinely unpretentious comedy is guaranteed to put you in a gay humor. The affable Johnnie Davis plays a small-town youth who likes to play a horn and dream about the mythical millions he will some time earn. It's a bit on the screwy side, but if you start off by not expecting too much, you may be pleasantly surprised. (Lola Lane, Penny Singleton.)

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS—Fine. A really delightful film of the home-spun variety, adapted from Kate Douglas Wiggin's classic of the same title. If you enjoyed "Little Women," don't pass this up. It goes back to the Spanish-American war, taking up the adventures of a little family left almost destitute after the death of the father. The acting leaves nothing to be desired. (Anne Shirley, Fay Bainter, Margaret Hamilton, Ruby Keeler, James Ellison, etc., etc.)

PROFESSOR, BEWARE—Fine. A Harold Lloyd comedy is always a treat. The theme, of course, is the usual Girl Gets Boy idea, but the situations are spun out with the very maximum of mirth. Men, particularly, enjoy Harold's brand of humor, and it is nice for a change to recommend a film to the breadwinner of the family.

RICH MAN, POOR GIRL—Good. A modern comedy dealing with socialism, with various other isms rearing their peculiar heads from time to time. It is a sprightly, modern theme that does not hesitate to poke fun at these so-called "theories," and is very capably acted by a cast headed by Robert Young, Lew Ayres, Lana Turner, Guy Kibbee and Ruth Hussey.

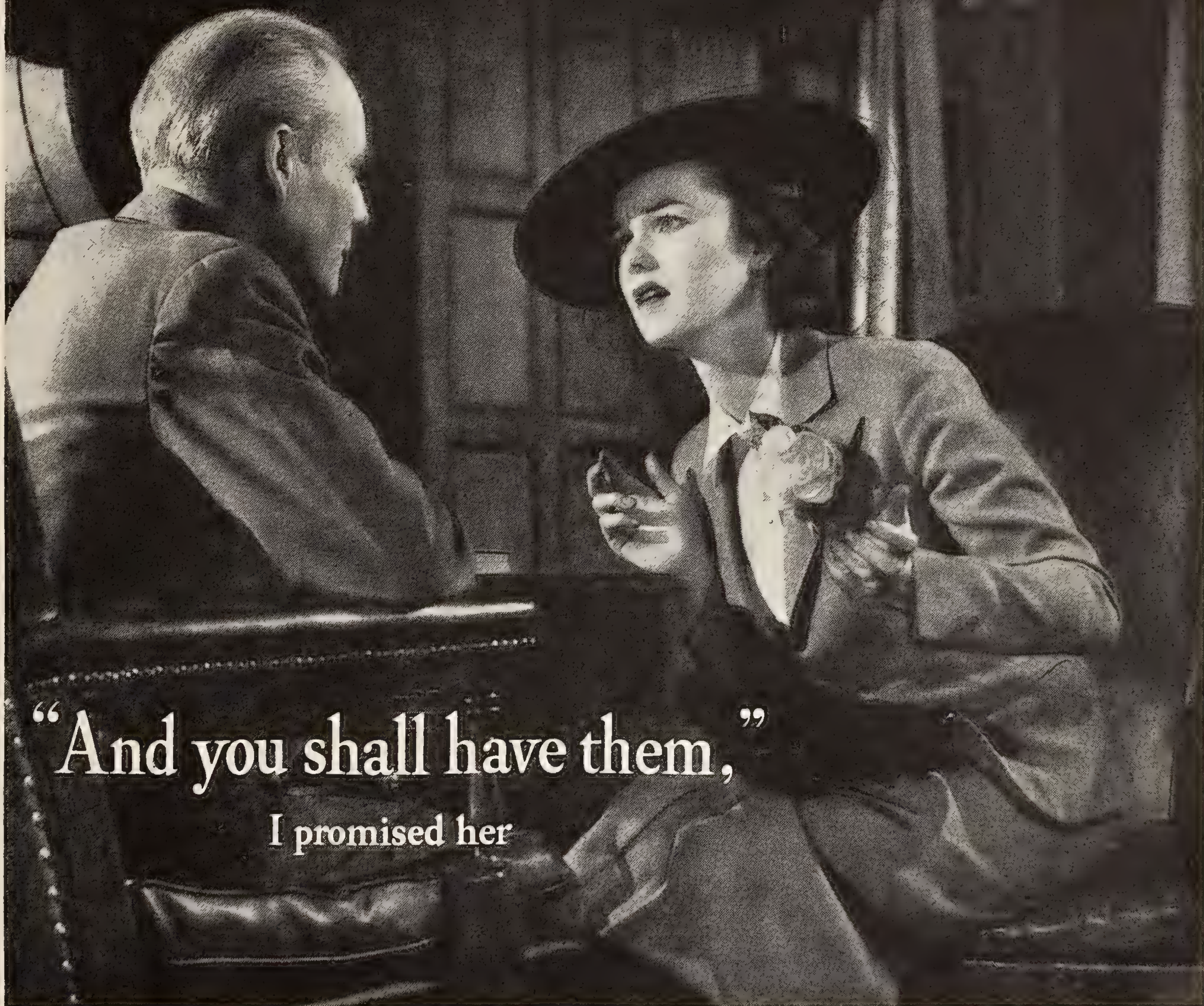
SAFETY IN NUMBERS—Good. The latest Jones Family full length feature is a rollicking edition to this lively series about the typical American household. In it Mrs. Jones goes on the radio to air her views about family life, but meets with plenty of opposing influences by swindlers who sponsor her program. Naturally everything comes right in the end. (Spring Byington, Jed Prouty, Shirley Deane, Russell Gleason).

SMASHING THE RACKETS—Fair. This is a somewhat thinly disguised story woven around some of the exploits of Thomas E. Dewey, New York City's able district attorney. The plot and most of the action and acting is considerably dated, so far as movie histrionics go, but on a dual bill you may find it exciting enough. (Chester Morris, Frances Mercer, Bruce Cabot, Rita Johnson).

SOUTH RIDING—Fine. This is another edition to the "better English pictures." It is well cast, beautifully photographed, and will give you the essential atmosphere of the beautiful English countryside and an idea of the intense love the average Englishman bears for it. If you don't mind missing a word now and then, for the accent at times is pretty broad, see this for real enjoyment. (Edna Best, Edmund Gwenn, John Clements).

TEXANS, THE—Fair. A story of reconstruction days in the South just following the Civil War, concerning a formerly wealthy Texas family which, along with its tremendous herd of cattle, moves northward into Kansas under terrible conditions. It is really an epic western and should be red meat to audiences who like gigantic spectacles. (Joan Bennett, May Robson, Randolph Scott.)

"I want gaiety, friends, LOVE," *she sobbed*



"And you shall have them,"
I promised her

INTO a psychiatrist's chambers streams an endless tide of life's misfits. The lonely . . . the bitter . . . the repressed . . . the misunderstood.

And now before me stood yet another. I was certain, and later examination proved me right, that there was nothing organically wrong with her. Her face, her body, bloomed with beauty and vitality. Yet, emotionally, she was at the breaking point.

Gently, I probed for her history. She was 28, single, college bred, lived in a good home with parents of some means, but was definitely of the recluse type.

"Men friends?"

Her lips quivered as she leaned close to me. The flood-tide of her emotions burst through the gates of her control.

"You've hit on it, doctor, I'm lonely

. . . desperately lonely," she sobbed. "Every girl I know is married, but no man seems to want *me*. They come—they go—I cannot hold them. Even my women friends seem to avoid me. I go nowhere . . . see no one. And, oh doctor, I want gaiety, friends, admiration, love . . . love . . . love."

She had risen; her face was almost against mine. In that instant I knew I had spotted the cause of her trouble. It was obvious.

But never in all my years of practice did I face a harder task than that of telling this unhappy girl the simple truth.* But tell her I did.

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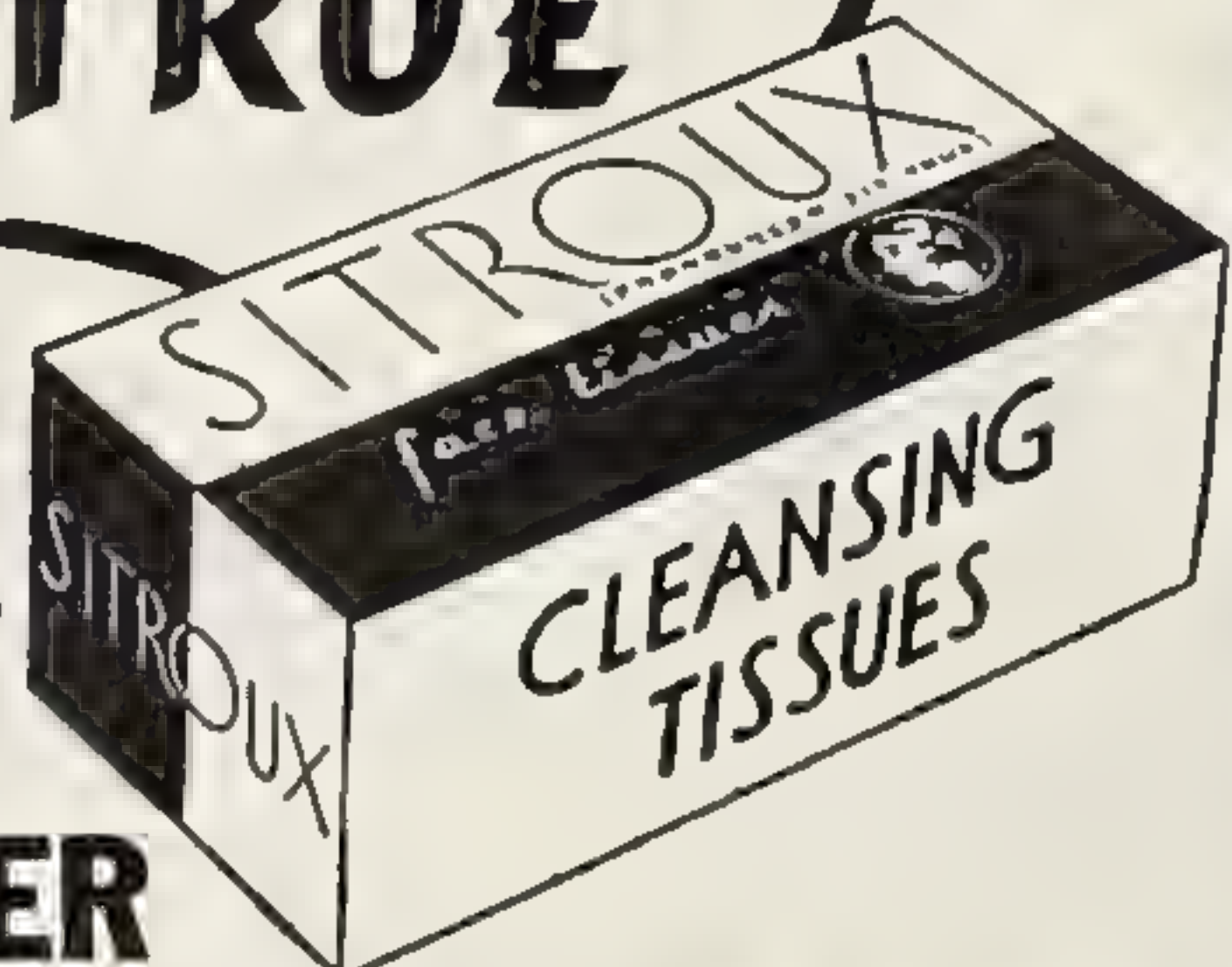


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There's an experimental gleam in Joan Fontaine's eyes as she arranges her hair. Below you can see what came of it.



FIXING UP FOR FALL

By Mary Lee

WELL, we're in the midst of another season and looking us straight in the eye is the old problem of fixing up for Fall. It's very stimulating, of course, when we can shoot the bankroll on new clothes and walk into our favorite beauty salon and order a new appearance and personality—almost; coiffure, facial, make-up scheme, nail lacquer and perfume. Most of us, however, aren't queen bees. We're drones, the workers, and so the job of being in step for Fall falls right on our own



Joan's piquant face is definitely enhanced by the new—curls piled high on head—hair-do. Don't you agree?

A New Coiffure Will Help Put You In Style. Here Are Some Other Ideas, Too!

little heads—where it belongs.

Often this is a good thing. Individual imagination, ideas and care often excel the professional touch, and give us a personalized style and charm that is our very own. You have no better example of this than in the Hollywood stars. For the star, herself, and the make-up department strive, above all, for that individuality, and in many cases succeed. Dolores del Rio, Dorothy Lamour, Sylvia Sydney and little pet, Shirley Temple, are certainly a few of the outstanding individuals in both appearance and personality.

I've put this Fall fashion job right on your own heads, so let's start here. Do something new with your hair. Up or down, that's the question. From my observation, here is a simple guide. If you are medium size or small, if your features are small and your face as well, try the up idea by all means. If you are a tall girl, if your features are pronounced and your face fairly large, the softer low or medium low arrangement is undoubtedly more attractive for you. But try before your own mirror and see what happens.

Whatever you do with that hair, it should be lovely in its own way. No matter what color, life, light and texture are the real beauty points. Here the modern beauty rinse comes to your aid. These rinses are harmless, of course; they do not change the basic color but they dramatize your hair by putting life and light into it—that sheen and suspicion of gleaming light that makes others remark, "She has lovely hair," even when you are a normal mousey brown. There is the Nestle Colorinse, an effective means to lovely hair. Simple rinses, in twelve individualized shades, to be used after your shampoo. There is just enough color in these rinses to tone out streaks and give that smooth evenness of tone. These rinses also remove soap film.

Another Nestle hair preparation that gets a big hand is its Curling Lotion, especially designed for use with the home curler or bobby pins. It does not dry your hair and keeps those ends, often so coarse and unruly, in good condition. Also, it does not leave a film on your hair or make it feel coarse. It dries quickly and gives your curls a beautifully sculptured effect. If you'll rub

a drop between your fingers. you'll feel its light, non-sticky consistency. A tip, too, for the curls at the top of the head. You know how those back strands straggle and look anything but neat. Well, dampen this back hair with Curling Lotion. Then brush it smoothly upward, as you want it to go. The Curling Lotion will help train your hair anyway you want it to go and is especially good for this smooth back effect.

Now and then, someone asks about artificial lashes. The Nestle people also make some of the best I've ever seen. They do a beautifully deceptive job on your eyes for evening and are easily applied. All of the things mentioned above are for sale in the chain stores.

In the Summer, there arrived at my desk one of those small ideas that just seemed the answer for smooth hair without the use of too many pins. These are Pinette Tuck Combs, very inexpensive, and made of flexible metal. Two to a card, they come in hair shades, with invisible grip tight teeth. They tuck under curls, rolls, over smooth sweeps of hair, and are really necessary with the upward arrangement. I adore Pinettes and find they have many uses. For sale in chain stores.

One other bright hair idea are the De Long Color Bobs. Eight of these finely made Color Bobs, in a choice of seven costume colors, come on one card. This touch of color in the hair is very effective, the bobs hold securely and the enamel does not come off easily.

Last Summer, our lips were definitely in the pink. Pinky lipstick tone made a nat-



Ann Miller is the unseen possessor of the lovely hands shown above. Her nail lacquer, you will notice, covers the nail tips, giving the fingers additional length.

ural hit, because the soft, young shade was becoming to many. For Fall, many of the lipsticks take on a deeper tone, yet retain some of that freshness of pink. For example, Helena Rubinstein's Fresh Strawberry has a Fall companion known as Red Cranberry—a lush, deeper version of the Strawberry. The pinky tones, will, I think, continue in favor for blondes and with evening black, white and pastels. For daytime, you need at least a tone deeper for dull blacks, wines, plum, deep blues and blue-greens.

As to nail lacquers for Fall, you'll probably like a good true red or a red with a bluish cast, for these tones will go well with Fall costumes. The darker costumes require life and color in the nails as it does on the lips, and this is what the cosmetic people have been working out for you all Summer, when we hadn't a thought about frost on the vine in our heads.

Out of Max Factor's make-up contributions for Technicolor pictures has come a truly lovely product for you and me. If you've wondered at the make-up on Joan Bennett and other Hollywood luminaries in Technicolor, the answer is partly the unique make-up base, not a cream in this case. Max Factor's Pan-Cake Make-Up comes in solid cake form in six skin tones. You moisten a sponge or cotton, rub over the Pan-Cake and apply a thin film of the color to your face. In this instance, apply your Max Factor Creme Rouge (very new) first. Powder over the Pan-Cake Make-Up and apply a little more dry rouge, if necessary.

If some of the beauty fashions are solved at this point, but you're still in a dither about your wardrobe, here's a real inspiration. Fifth Avenue Modes offers an unusual service. From a catalogue you select the styles you like. Then these are cut to your individual measurements, assuring perfect fit and no need for alterations. The garments are sent to you with all difficult sewing completed. A few plain seams, such as the side and hem, are left for you to finish. All trimmings and "findings" are furnished with the garment. Fifth Avenue Modes are Fifth Avenue styled. This cutting to you, not just a fourteen or twenty size, as the case may be, assures that perfection of tailor-made fit. By the very simple seaming you do, you save considerably.

How ever you assemble your beauty and clothes wardrobe for Fall, keep this idea in mind. Ensembles, both make-up and clothes, are what make you smart.



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Drene is so different from other types of shampoos, that the process by which it is made has been patented. It is not a soap—not an oil. It cannot leave a dulling film on hair to dim and hide natural lustre. Nor a greasy oil film to catch dust. And because Drene contains no harmful chemicals it is safe for any type and color of hair.

A single application—and dirt, grease and perspiration are thoroughly washed away. Hair is left sparkling clean, naturally brilliant—without the need of vinegar, lemon or special after-rinses of any kind. So clean that the permanent wave solution can spread evenly, thus helping to give a soft, lustrous permanent.

And because different types of hair require a different type of shampoo to reveal full individual beauty, there are now two kinds of Drene—Special Drene for Dry Hair—and Regular Drene for normal and oily hair.

Ask for the type of Drene shampoo created to reveal the beauty of your individual type of hair—at drug, department or 10c stores—or at your beauty shop. Whether you shampoo your hair at home, or have it done by a professional operator, a single washing will thrill you with the new-found brilliance and glamorous natural beauty Drene reveals.

drene Shampoo

REGULAR for Normal or Oily Hair
SPECIAL for Dry Hair



This thrilling coiffure was attained after a shampoo with Special Drene for Dry Hair. All the natural glamor, brilliance and beauty of the hair is fully revealed. Hair is also left manageable—right after washing. This is the beauty miracle of the amazing new Special Drene for Dry Hair.

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A MODERN GIRL HAVING A MODERN GOOD TIME...
 SWANK CLOTHES, SWELL DATES, SWEET ROMANCE...
 THAT'S SONJA NOW, SO DAIN'TY, SO DESIRABLE, SO INCREDIBLE!

All dressed up, and plenty of
 places to go, as the queen of
 a co-ed campus! Laughs sail
 through the air like ski-jump-
 ers! Love calls in the good
 young American way — for-
 ever and ever! And the sump-
 tuous ice climax will bring
 you to your feet with shouts
 of wonder and delight!



SONJA HENIE
 and
 RICHARD GREENE

in
MY LUCKY STAR

with
 JOAN DAVIS
 CESAR ROMERO
 BUDDY EBSSEN
 Arthur Treacher • Billy Gilbert
 George Barbier • Louise Hovick
 Patricia Wilder • Paul Hurst

Directed by Roy Del Ruth
 Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown
 Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen • From
 an original story by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger
 a 20th Century-Fox Picture

Darryl F. Zanuck
 in Charge of Production

Snow-deep in the rhythms
 of Gordon & Revel!

"I've Got a Date with a Dream"
 "Could You Pass In Love"
 "The All American Swing"
 "This May Be the Night"
 "By a Wishing Well"

Every woman in
 America will be
 crazy about Sonja's
 twenty-eight new
 Fall costumes
 styled by Royer!

By Ed Sullivan

then I was probably cynical when I was very young.

At any event, that was the celluloid panorama as Theda Bara found it on her appearance.

Miss Bara (and now I am only guessing) turned up her patrician nose at the flagpole-sitting antics of Pearl White and Ruth Bolland, grimaced with distaste at the cloying sweetness of Mary Pickford, and squirmed at the leg-show offered by the Mack Sennett girls.

Miss Bara (and again I am only guessing) rebelled most heartily at the insistence that a heroine must be saved from a fate "worse than death."

She set about correcting the things that most annoyed her. Sex, up to her arrival, was a slam-bang affair distinguished by the villain's half-Nelson holds on the heroine. Theda nixed all of that, on the grounds that from the time of Eve, the woman was the temptress.

"But the villain has to wrestle with you," screamed directors. "No, I will wrestle with the villain," she said, in all probability.

It was the first time that any one ever had put their finger on the weakness of the films. Hereto-

fore, all love scenes had been initiated by the men, and the heroines stood idly by until the men decided to make a pass at them. This obviously was silly and out of line with history. Eve, as Miss Bara pointed out, made the first pass at Adam. Cleopatra made the first pass at Marc Anthony. Helen of Troy believed that a great offense was the most thrilling defense. The Borgias waited for no man, but just went out and mixed a lethal Mickey Finn and dropped it in his drinking cup.

So Theda Bara went out and got her man, thus reversing the cinema process. Where other heroines cowered before the fear of a fate "worse than death," she went searching for it. It took courage, but she had it.

In tracking down the hero, she invented what may best be described as The Bara Slink, later copied by Marlene Dietrich and Hedy Lamarr. This was an approach as mesmeric as the swaying of a hooded cobra and twice as effective. Instead of rushing at the hero, which would be crude, she approached him slowly, for she agreed with the mathematicians that the shortest line between two points is a straight line, and therefore arrived circuitously.

Heroes who once were noted far and wide for their brawn and brain were reduced to jibbering weakness by The Bara Slink. You could see them registering fear, timidity, apprehension and kindred base emotions. You could tell from the first close-up that the hero knew he was a dead pigeon. Because there was no sound track on the movies of those days, the hero breathed heavily and made his chest move up and down frantically to express his delighted terror. Audiences loved this new idea in love-making and tore down theatre doors to see Miss Bara subdue her next victim.

Not since Dempsey was at the peak of his form has anyone run up the series of K.O. wins that Miss Bara accomplished. Like Dempsey, Theda was a bobber and weaver.

With variations, every heroine from that time on has imitated Theda, for she placed the emphasis where it belonged, on the heroine. The amazing thing is that the movies had never thought of it before she called it to their attention.

Just as Dietrich and Hedy Lamarr stem from Theda Bara, you can find a simile between all of the modern heroines and their predecessors. Carole Lombard, flattening Fredric March with a haymaker to the jaw, is not far removed from the vigorous Mack Sennett bathing beauties, the vital Mabel Normand or the tomboyish Clara Bow. Loretta Young is not so far removed from Olive Thomas or Barbara La Marr as you might think. Barbara [Continued on page 74]

Carole Lombard is the typical modern girl, and if that phone line doesn't run straight to Clark Gable the phone company is slipping.



GIRLS
NEVER
CHANGE

When Dietrich realized that something had to be done she developed Glamour with a capital G.



Flashshots

By Jerome Zerbe

The Manhattan Sun-dodger Goes Rustic And Joins A Troupe To Bring Culture to Cape Cod.

IT WAS raining when the train pulled out of the Grand Central station in New York and it was raining when, five hours later, it pulled into the charming old New England town of Yarmouth on Cape Cod. I had noticed with admiration a charming woman sitting a few seats away in the car from me and, as we got ready to leave the train, amid an avalanche of luggage, she turned to me with a bright smile and asked if we hadn't met at Gloria Swanson's, and I ventured that no doubt we had as Gloria and I were friends.

Then she told me she was Lois Wilson and I told her my name. In a deluge of questions I found she was on her way to Provincetown to do a play and was being met at Yarmouth by friends who were driving her over, that like so many other people who had had great success in the movies she was exceedingly anxious for stage training, and that she was one of the very first to try the much more personal, but much more exacting demands of the theatre.

On the platform at Yarmouth an expectant and bedraggled group of people were waiting in a downpour for the train. I was signaled out by a cheerful and cheering girl who was to drive me over to Dennis where I was to play a small part in "The Road to Rome," with Jane Cowl in the lead. There were four others from the train going along and we all climbed into a tired station wagon and our luggage was thrown into an antique Ford alongside. Miss Wilson had disappeared into the station and re-appeared a few minutes later looking quite lost. It seems she was not expected until the next day and as there was no one to meet her, we asked her to come with us, and along she came.

Dennis is a small Cape town that has nothing to offer besides the summer theatre group and a good beach. There is a general store and post office, the Cape Playhouse and Cape Cinema, an unattractive restaurant for the actors, pretentiously called "The Green Room," a beautiful old church, a few houses and then Mrs. Whittemore's. Mrs. Whittemore's is the theatrical boarding house of the summer circuit, and Mrs. Sarah Whittemore herself is as delightful and determined a person as one can ever hope to meet. The stories about her are legion and although most may be only faintly founded on truth they are all interesting. For instance, there is the one that once she refused to give the Basil Rathbones a room in her house because she didn't like the color of Mrs. Rathbone's hair, while another is that she cut short Alice Brady's stay because she considered her too temperamental. Be that as it may, Mrs. Whittemore's house is where all the visiting celebrities want to stay and they all love her and remember her with affection.

Although the place is not expensive, the food is excellent with

Phil Huston (left), Jerry Z. in the middle and Mary Brian at rehearsal of "The Road to Rome."



Sylvia Sidney poses on a rail fence and Zerbe gets a glimpse of the Playhouse into the picture.



Lois Wilson's early training in the hardships of "The Covered Wagon" helped her to withstand the glamourless Massachusetts' iron bed. (Left) Dennis King, Jr., who is in Dennis, Mass., to follow in his father's famous footsteps.

such specialties as blueberry hot cakes, or chicken Maryland and fresh hot baked rolls with every meal.

Lois Wilson stayed the night in a room down the hall from mine and although that evening she became involved with friends and I didn't see her then, we had breakfast and lunch the next day, and I got to have the friendliest feeling and the greatest admiration for her. She has a marvelous philosophy of good living and certainly she looks as charming as she did in the days when she played in "The Covered Wagon."

Mary Brian and Phil Huston were both part of the regular summer groups at Dennis. Mary opened the

[Continued on page 73]



Another view of the summer theatre, and the typical New England fence. "Around it still the sumac grows, and blackberry vines are running." (Right) Mary Brian and Phil Huston relaxing in the sun waiting for the noontime dinner bell.



Mrs. Whittemore's boarding house. Codfish, lobsters and blueberries on the menu. (Below) Richard Aldrich, the director, and Sylvia Sidney, who discovers she is beginning to look like Cape Cod.



Phil Huston, June Walker and Sylvia Sidney at breakfast. The fan mail gives a momentary Hollywood touch. (Above) Lois Wilson fares forth in the rain. What, no oilskins?



The Old Charm Is Gone But There Is A New Fascination To The Movies That Draws You To The Theater, Enthralls You And Sends You Home Thrilled By The New Artistry.

WHAT has happened to Hollywood's glamour?

There are a good many people who say that it's gone—disappeared. Others insist that even if it hasn't actually disappeared, it has been a quantity badly lacking in movies and movie-making in recent months.

Here's what George Jean Nathan wrote recently: "The gilt and tinsel which were once the popular property of the theater and which the theater lost to the movies have now been lost to the movies in turn and revisited upon the theater."

An editorial in one of the largest New York newspapers put it this way: "Glamour, a necessary quality of Never Never Land, has been destroyed, and the screen luminaries are revealed as mere ordinary people."

Even more to the point is a leading story in the showmen's Bible, "Variety," with the headline "Pix Slipping in Stix," which points out that "films are losing their zest and the appetite for pictures (except the smash naturals) is dull and jaded."

I am sure that a lot of the foregoing is true. That mysterious something which made the era of Rudolph Valentino, of Clara (the "It" girl) Bow or even of the late Jean Harlow so terrifically exciting, has been missing for some time past. It did not take the independent theater owners of New York to tell us that a lot of fancy salaried stars had lost their hold. It doesn't take Mr. Nathan or "Variety" to prove that the general run of pictures has often been minus the all-important quality of compelling fascination.

The big point is—has the glamour really gone or has it merely been somewhat lacking in a period when it is no secret that Hollywood has found the going tough? Or, to look at the matter from a different angle—has the old-time, milk bath type of glamour given way to a new sort of glamour which hasn't yet caught on with the public at large?

I myself don't see how Hollywood would benefit if all the milk trucks east of the Rockies descended on it, bearing beauty baths for stars and extras alike. And as for the "gilt and tinsel," as Mr. Nathan calls it, which the movies once had, it seems to me that there is still plenty to go around in the film capital.

What has been missing, to some degree at least, is something which is much harder to put your finger on. The multiple marriages and divorces of the stars haven't helped. The fact that there have been very few vivid new romantic stars developed for several years hasn't helped either. Some people blame the double-feature—others B pictures as a whole with their frequently uninspired production. Then there are those, and I don't know that they are very wrong, who say that the average film-goer has become a person of taste and discrimination and just won't take hokum glamour as a sub-

stitute for good pictures.

In any case, at the start of a new season, it's not anything to be laughed off. The wheels of Hollywood are grinding again, at full speed. A tremendous program has been planned for the new movie year. If the glamour is gone and the glamour is as important as it's supposed to be, then it's going to be a sad year.

As one who goes to



(Above) Deanna Durbin, whose current picture is "That Certain Age," is just a girl in her 'teens, but when she raises her voice in song your very spirit is uplifted.



Sigrid Gurie, who had a leading role in "Algiers," has a tender beauty, so different and so much more appealing than the stars of other days.

LOST



films as a business, but would go anyway for pleasure (movie critic to you), I do not share the general alarm about Hollywood's loss of glamour. Have the stars been getting married and divorced too frequently? In a word, yes. Have there been too few new romantic stars bursting forth in the Hollywood firmament? Again, yes. Is there a lack of excitement about a lot of the filler pictures which you always seem to have to sit through before you can see the feature you went to the theater to enjoy? Decidedly yes.

But at the same time there is another side to the medal. The stars have been getting married and divorced with great regularity

Much closer to the point is the fact that so few new breath-takingly captivating players have sprung up. No one will deny that there has been a considerable shortage recently of strictly romantic leading men and leading women—of the sort who might be described respectively as answers to a maiden's prayer or college boys' delights. The youngsters are good-looking and they are surprisingly good actors, but not many of them sweep you off your feet.

There are exceptions. Danielle Darrieux will do for me as a dream princess any day.

The one and only Sonje Henie puts on her skates again for "My Lucky Star." Looking at her we realize that talent of champion quality has an attraction which is red-blooded and irresistible.



(Left) In "Boys' Town," Mickey Rooney is co-starred with Spencer Tracy. Mickey, after the fine performances he has given in the Judge Hardy pictures, rates a star's billing. His great gift is an impish sense of comedy.

ever since movies started. Whether we like it or not, it's not so hard to understand. The gilded youth of Hollywood is not permitted to lead normal lives like most of the rest of us. The young men and women on whom fortune has smiled so benignly all have enormously difficult personal adjustments of living to make. If, under the tremendous pressure of their starring assign-

I could name a good many other comparative new-comers, such as Olympe Bradna, Tyrone Power, Hedy Lamarr, Jimmie Stewart or Sigrid Gurie who have what it takes. What strikes me as more important is the fact that we have a lot of new types of stars as we go into the 1938-39 movie season.

There are the enchanting adolescents, as they might be called. Deanna Durbin may not be an "It" girl or even her "pitching woo" counterpart of today, but that doesn't keep her from making pictures glamorous for me. There is Mickey Rooney, with his marvelous gift of acting, constantly reminding me of a young Jimmy Cagney. He makes me sit up and take notice every time I see him on the screen. Judy Garland is another youngster who is coming up fast to stardom in the sub-deb class and there are a flock of other players in their early 'teens, from Jackie Cooper and Freddie Bartholomew to the famous "Dead End" kids, who have the knack of making pictures absorbing.

That is not to mention America's perennial sweetheart, Shirley Temple. She has not yet reached the sub-deb age, but her career through childhood has been one blaze of glory. You may not think she represents glamour on the screen, but I emphatically do. She gives her offerings such color, artistry and personal magnetism that her films are always a delight to me, whether the story is good, bad or indifferent. And if that isn't glamour, I don't know what it is.

[Continued on page 74]

ALLURE!

By
Howard Barnes

ments, cut off from a large part of the world, they should make more mistakes than other people, it would only be natural. Visiting Hollywood frequently, I am surprised at how many happy marriages and romances I find there.

It doesn't seem to me that this is the heart of the glamour problem, anyway.

APPLAUSE

The announcer has to regulate the applause of the studio audience to save the precious seconds.



In Every Studio There Are Script Writers And Technicians, Censors And Advisors, And After They All Get Through There Is The Performer Who Gives The Vital Spark Of Life To The Broadcast.

YOU twist your radio dial and by that little motion of your hand, into your living-room come such expert entertainers as Jack Benny, Gracie Allen, Don Ameche, or Fanny Brice, ready to amuse you for an hour or a half hour while you are at ease at home.

Pretty soft for them, you think. No tiresome costume fittings, working under hot Klieg lights, or memorizing of lines. All they have to do is skip up to the microphone, read their parts from typewritten sheets in their hands, and that's all there is to it. Well, if that's what you think, you're wrong. For, getting that thirty or sixty minute broadcast together required long days of hard work, racing against time in an effort to put together a show that will be different, entertaining, finish in the allotted time, and of course sell the sponsor's product which is why the show is broadcast in the first place.

When movies first found their voice, radio was far from the well-organized entertainment medium it is now. In those days a movie star could get by merely on the strength of his Hollywood reputation. Tuners-in were so eager to hear their film favorites speak, it mattered little what was said. Today, however, the dialer is more discerning. No matter how impressive his screen performance is, when the movie celeb steps up to the microphone he is judged solely by his singing or acting ability on the network. The performer knows this. That is why, despite the extremely short time the show actually lasts, he puts a lot of intensive preparation into each broadcast.

Most people have gotten to be blasé about broadcasting, yet very few really know anything about backstage radio. So, a peek at the way the Jack Benny show is produced will give you a good idea of what goes on behind the scenes.

Immediately after each week's show, Jack and his script writers go into a huddle to talk over ideas for the next week's airing. Before they call it a day they have to decide which ideas are worth developing.

The next two days the writers battle with themselves and their typewriters in a frantic effort to get a rough draft down on paper.

It's pretty much like the madhouse story conferences to get a movie scenario together, only in radio there is so much less time in which to work. On the third day they hunt up Benny. If he's working on a picture, they've got to waylay him between scenes. Up until the day before the broadcast they all may spend from eight to eighteen hours daily—depending upon how things jell—in polishing, changing, cutting, and building up the material into a working rehearsal script.

By the time the cast gets around to rehearsing, everything has been so rewritten and edited that all and sundry are convinced it will be a flop. Considering that all their efforts are strained toward mirth, rehearsals are deadly serious. Jack listens intently to everything, alert for a slip or an odd inflection that may lend itself to a laugh. The script is still subject to change as a member of the cast—Mary Livingstone,

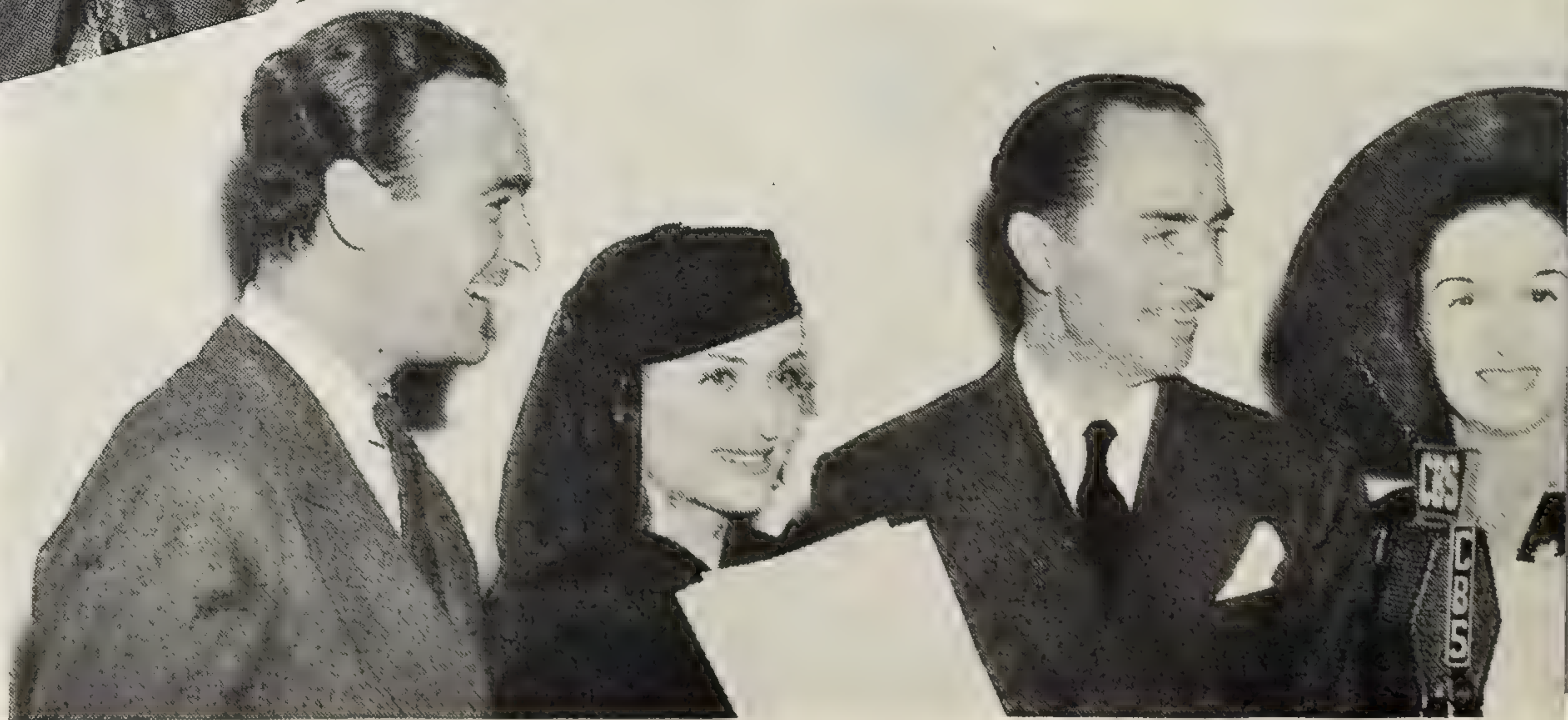
Kenny Baker, Andy Devine or anyone else—suggests a better way of putting across his part.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN RADIO

By
Ruth Arell



Phil Baker works with his producer (center) and script writer (right) in preparing the material for the broadcast. The finished script must sound as if Phil had just thought of it. (Right) David Niven, Carole Lombard, William Powell and Gail Patrick being coached by Cecil B. DeMille. (Extreme right) Dorothy Lamour, Don Ameche, W. C. Fields, Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen. It takes a master to be one of this clever group and Edgar Bergen is two of them.



After that's all ironed out, the music cues and commercial announcements are worked in, and the whole thing is timed so that all doings will end in exactly thirty minutes, "right on the nose."

After reading so far, do you still think you could put on a radio show with your eyes blindfolded and your hands tied behind your back? If you do, you better get in touch with Jack Benny, or even Al Jolson, Burns and Allen, Phil Baker, or Eddie Cantor. They'll grab you in a hurry and pay you well for your pains for, with very slight variations, these experienced troupers all go through the same labor in their weekly search for the right lines and the right way to deliver them. In fact, Cantor goes even further to insure the humor of his material. Practically all shows permit studio audiences to witness the actual broadcast. Eddie has, in addition, a rehearsal audience, on whom he tries out his gags. He has 45 minutes of program readied for his half hour show, and according to the reaction of this preview group he eliminates the lines that drew the least laughs when he cuts his final script down to its proper time length.

So much for the half-hour comedy programs. Now let's look at the hour variety shows. They are twice as long in time, but about four times as complicated in construction. While the shorter shows each has a producer who assists the star, it is the star who really dominates the show because all the proceedings revolve around him. On the variety shows it's different. No matter how "big" the star, he has to fit into his spot on the program. Whether music, drama, or wisecracks make up the bulk of the bill, head man on these shows is the producer. You seldom hear about him, yet like the director on the movie lot, he's boss and what he says goes. He arranges for the guest stars, often signing them up weeks in advance. As to the material used, whether by guest or permanent member of the cast, if it is of a specialty nature such as the droll stories of Bob Burns, the braggadocio of Frank Morgan, or the Baby Snooks of Fanny Brice, each performer supplies his own. On the other hand, if Myrna Loy, Clark Gable and Robert Taylor are to appear in a radio drama, the producer supplies the vehicle.

Now, we're ready to see what makes these shows click. Since the best is none too good for us, we'll look in on the show that stars the air's No. 1 attraction, Charlie McCarthy, with Don Ameche as master of ceremonies. W. C. Fields is to be guest star, so anything can happen and we'll bet it does. In fact to make sure it does, Edgar Bergen, knowing in advance that Fields will appear, has gotten together with him to make sure that the discourse with Charlie will be devilish and devastating. Meanwhile the Stroud Twins prepare their bit in which they may require the assistance of Dorothy Lamour and Don. The producer has allotted so many minutes to each spot so that with the commercial announcements, orchestral and vocal numbers, the hour will round out nicely.

Each of the specialty acts—the Stroud Twins and Bergen—turns in his material to the producer who may edit it some before turning it over to the script writer for the show. It is the script writer's job to write the bits of dialogue that will connect the acts so that they will follow each other smoothly. He it is who pens those gracious introductions by which Ameche introduces each member of the cast in a carefully rehearsed speech that sounds so spontaneous, by gosh.

All right, the script is now in order; let's start the rehearsal. The producer assigns the cast to various microphones so [Continued on page 77]



The very clever script writers are forced to admit their stuff is funny, but Jack Benny (center) is somewhat restrained.



Fanny Brice as she creates the character of Baby Snooks. Frank Morgan, mentally on tip-toes, waits for his cue.



The Rainy Day Comes To All Of Us—And The Stars Have Figured Out How To Prepare For It.

ARE you preparing for the future—as are many of Hollywood's biggest stars? A future so far removed from their present lucrative contracts, luxurious homes, and assured box-office appeal that it may contain political upheavals, war, poverty, and even the wiping out of the picture industry as it stands now?

Just a few years ago, wise little stars prepared for the future by saving their salaries, establishing trust funds, creating estates. Today the answer is not so simple! Clark Gable told me:

"I'd rather be able to take care of myself in a wilderness, with only limited camping equipment, than have \$100,000 in the banks! Banks can and have failed, but if a man is self-reliant, he can get along somehow under any conditions.

"Get tough! That's my advice. Keep in the best physical trim. Don't be afraid to rough it. A campfire. A dog stretched out exhausted. A man in rough huntsman's garb. Sufficient unto himself, regardless of man-made money, depressions, political changes. . . ."

Proving his own words, Clark goes on dangerous and thrilling hunting trips at every opportunity, down into Mexico, up into the Rockies, through the Yaqui River country. He can and has killed deer, Mountain lion, bear and elk. He



Errol Flynn and Warren William (right) in the midst of the turmoil of success have thought about the unknown tomorrow.

has cooked many a meal himself and grown hard and strong and more truly independent than if a Hollywood salary were all-important!

That's why Clark's first question, in a test for the future, sounds like the examination required of young Indian braves before being admitted to the circle of Chiefs: *With only a knapsack on your back and a trusty gun in your hand, could you live healthily in the forest for ten days?*

"Next to self-reliance," Clark continued, "I believe that friends are important in facing the future. Therefore my second question in the test would be: Have you five good friends you can count on through thick and thin?"

"Everything else can go to pot—but good friendships last. It was only through friends, and sometimes humble friends, that the wealthiest and most influential people escaped catastrophies in their own countries, when their established worlds crashed around them!"

Jeanette MacDonald says, "I believe the most important quality for a woman in facing the future, no matter what it may hold, is a sane sense of balance. A recognition of facts as they are. Common-sense. Understand a situation as it really is, without fooling yourself, and then *do* something about it.

"Secondly, I believe a vocation by which she could earn her living is important to any girl. For instance, if I weren't in Hollywood, I believe I could make a success by giving singing lessons. And because I have always handled my own affairs and investments, I'm not flattering myself in thinking that a career in business management would be too impossible for me."

Errol Flynn told me, "Don't plan your future too definitely. In that way lies heartbreak. It's all right to concentrate on what you want to accomplish, but don't set your goal so definitely that you defeat your own ends if things don't work out just right!



Happy days are ahead, Joan Blondell believes. The future is a smiling prospect.

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE TEST QUESTIONS?

1. Have you another money-earning vocation beside your present employment?
2. Are you "up" on world conditions?
3. Could you live alone in the woods for 10 days with only a gun and simple camping equipment?
4. Can you stick to difficult jobs without quitting?
5. Can you take good pictures with a news camera?
6. Are "furnishings of the mind" more important than material things?
7. (For women) Can you cook and keep house—for 1 man or 20?
8. Have you shown a real responsibility for your neighbors' well-being?
9. Would you refuse to go to war except in defense of your home?
10. Can you start all over again, without undue discouragement, if your present plans fail?

The questions, which the stars believe should be answered in the affirmative, were suggested by: (1.) Glenda Farrell; (2.) Jeanette MacDonald; (3.) Clark Gable; (4.) Errol Flynn; (5.) Leslie Howard; (6.) Luise Rainer; (7.) Dolores Del Rio; (8.) Basil Rathbone; (9.) Warren William; (10.) Errol Flynn.

DO YOU PASS?

By
Temple Crane

Jeanette MacDonald
is very practical.
She does not believe
in fooling oneself.

Luise Rainer has her
own theories about
combating the wolf
at her door, if he
should happen to
show up.



Clark Gable has
some special advice
to offer in prepara-
tion for the lean
days that may come.



STARS' QUESTIONNAIRE

est handicap. If you're
afraid of flying, riding, or
whatever your phobia
may be, that's the very
thing you should force
yourself to do!"

Dolores Del Rio may
look exotic, but her test

for the future, for girls, is right down to earth. "Can you cook
and keep house? That, I believe, will safeguard a woman through
any changes in the world—for home-making will be necessary
whatever the future may bring. In Mexico we have a custom that
the ladies of the house must prepare food for as many as thirty
guests on certain feast days. Therefore I know that I could turn
out meals—economically, tastefully—for a score of men, or manage
a kitchen serving hundreds. Whatever comes, I can bank on that
capability!"

Leslie Howard's question sounds disarmingly simple. "Can you
take good news pictures with a camera? I've made photography a
hobby, but it's much more important than that. Pictures are the
things today. We have picture magazines, motion pictures, ma-
chines for wiring pictures from continent to continent in a few
moments.

"Come war or famine or revolution anywhere in the world, the
man behind the camera can always be sure of a living—and of
earning that living excitingly right in the midst of things!"

Luise Rainer believes that asking little of life in the way of
material possessions is a basic need in facing whatever tomorrow
has in store. "Liberty is a priceless possession of every man and
woman," she says seriously, "and freedom of thought and action
can best be assured by making oneself independent of material
things."

If these statements sound lofty, remember that Luise is one of
Hollywood's true intellectuals, with two Academy Awards to her
credit. She actually proves her theory by living in a hotel room
rather than a Beverly Hills mansion like her fellow-stars. And it
is her boast that she owns nothing that cannot be packed into a
trunk at a moment's notice!

[Continued on page 75]

"Are you adaptable? That question would be vitally important
in my test. It's an important trait even in dull times, for there's
always a chance of being forced to make a change in your mode
of living. Today everyone should learn to accept what Fate hands
out without considering it too much of a hardship!"

"Sportsmanship and fair dealing, I believe, will continue to be
necessary to a man's happiness whatever the scheme of things.
Application is also important. If you have a job, stick to it—no
matter how hard it seems. Then, for relaxation, play just as hard!"

No mere idle talker, Flynn has magnificently proved his ca-
pability in the following widely varied fields.

1. Pearl-fishing in the South Seas. He once earned his living
in this manner.

2. Writing. Already he has published numerous articles, and
one book, "Beam Ends."

3. Navigation. He has sailed and piloted his own craft in diffi-
cult waters.

4. Gold-mining. He has worked in the gold fields of New
Guinea.

5. Operating a tobacco plantation, as he once did—at a profit!

6. Professional boxing, swimming, tennis playing, or horse rac-
ing. Experts in all these sports told him he could earn his living
at them, and he has received genuine offers *not* based on his fame
as a movie star.

"Above all," Errol finished, "regarding the future or anything
else, do not allow yourself to be afraid. Fear can be a man's great-

ONE of the things I don't like about Hollywood is the stars. I don't mean the terrestrial stars, for the love of Pete no, they're my bread and butter—I mean those horrid celestial stars which are always butting in and warning Glamour Girls not to sign contracts on Tuesdays because Jupiter is peeking over the Decan. But what with Hollywood gone hysterical over astrology, and no home is complete without a horoscope or Manly Hall these days, it was a cinch that sooner or later I'd have to enter into the spirit of things.

So when I received an assignment to do a story on the youngest of the Bennetts I immediately consulted "Today's Diary," as calculated by the Voice of Understanding, who, as her treatise would have us believe, is seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, which brings out the gipsy in her. You

have no idea how complicated interviewing has become! It used to be that I could run over to Claudette's, or Carole's, or Myrna's for an interview just any old day, but now I've got to consult the zodiac.

Joan Bennett was born on February 27, 1910, in Palisades, New Jersey, which makes her quite definitely a Pisces, which is pretty depressing because I hate to think of a glamorous movie star being associated in any way with fish, fried, baked or covered with sauce Marguery. And because she happened to be born between February 19th and February 29 she is a Pisces ruled by Saturn, and a Pisces ruled by Saturn, I discovered to my horror after reading over the daily chart, was in no position to give interviews for at least a week. Now I knew my editor in New York, a hard fellow with no feeling for heavenly matters, would never understand about Pisces, so there was nothing for me to do except see Joan on a "bad" day—a day so "bad" in fact that the seventh daughter of the seventh daughter was beautifully certain that "no good will come of a stranger entering the house this day."

"I'll take a chance," said Joan who was far more concerned with her begonias right then than with her stars. But she wasn't quite so cocky about it later when she saw me treading upon her exquisite new blue and white rug with a large hunk of chewing gum under the sole of my foot—and Joan the neatest, the most meticulous person in the world. (I do hope the Devil has a special kind of torture for people who toss out chewing gum.) And she'll probably be even sorrier when she reads this. But after all I can't be expected to be brilliant when Pisces is loaded against me!

According to Joan's horoscope she has "great executive and literary ability; a fine appreciation of art and music; scientific; a

sense of discipline for herself and others." Well, I don't know about the scientific angle as I have never caught her with a test tube in her hand—her gardener tells me that she does perfectly amazing things with flowers—but I do know that the Voice of Understanding certainly hit the nail on the head with the rest of it. The doll-like Joan may look sweet, demure, naive and vine-clingish, but don't let it fool you, she has more matter of factness, more good common sense, and more executive ability than anybody in Hollywood. When Joan appears she just naturally takes charge, but she's so charmingly feminine about it that no one objects.

I was at the Santa Fe station in Pasadena once when Joan arrived from New York looking exactly like somebody's little sister home for the Easter holidays. But immediately she stepped off the train she became the methodical Miss Bennett. She checked over every piece of luggage, and there must have been dozens of them, she saw that daughters Ditty and Melinda and the two nurses were removed from train to car, she saw that husband Gene Markey hadn't left anything on the train, and she moved her family with such superb organization that they were out of the station before the other travelers had even claimed their bags. I've seen many a star arrive in Hollywood, but never one who made less fuss about it.

And have no doubt either about that literary ability. If Joan hadn't been an actress she could have been an author—



PROJECTION OF



in fact she might be one yet if someone doesn't write her a good meaty part in a script soon. She's tired of being pretty and fragile and pleasantly tiresome and she'd love to sink her teeth into a little something with guts sometimes, just like Bette Davis, whom she greatly admires as an actress. "I want to chew scenery," says Joan with the weary despair of a seventy-nine-year-old, "while I've still got some teeth to chew with."

Her greatest literature was written at the age of eight, (she hasn't had much time for it since) when Mamma and Papa Bennett were playing on Broadway and she was being privately tutored. She wrote plays, lovely tragic plays with grand death scenes, in which Constance and Barbara would often play supporting roles. Joan was always the star and had the best lines—being the author she managed that. She was no fool.

Joan's inherited flair for "acting" cropped out by the time she could walk and talk, and long before either Constance or Barbara revealed a liking for histrionics. When

Richard Bennett discovered that Joan was writing plays, and acting them too, he felt sure that the mantle of the Bennetts had descended upon the shoulders of his youngest, and his enthusiasm for her went right to Joan's head. She cherished a beautiful day dream of the time when her father and mother would be starving, Connie and

Barbara would be miserable in rags, and she would return from foreign shores and appear on Broadway in a play which she had written herself—and save the family fortunes. They wouldn't dare treat her like a baby then! One of the greatest tragedies of her youth was when she discovered that Connie and Barbara could act too! It gave her a complex.

Like the true blue Pisces, Joan has a terrific sense of discipline and responsibility—though you'd never suspect it, would you? She runs her home with amazing efficiency, and even if she is a career woman she knows much more about domestic matters than you and you and you. She is impatient of inefficiency in any form, though it is her boast that she never asks a servant to do

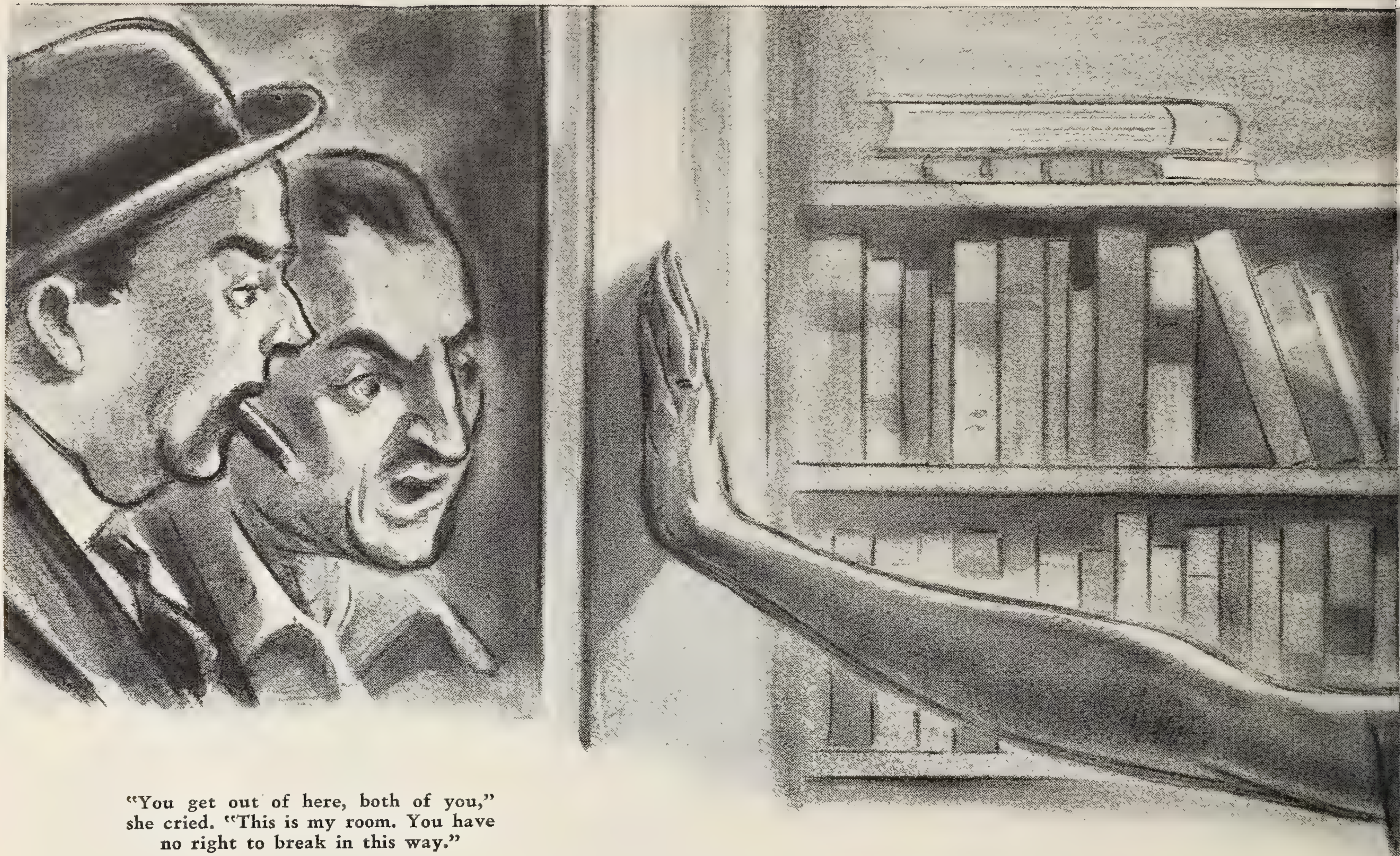
what she can't do. No home in Hollywood is run with such order and regularity. Ditty always gets off to school on time (public school because Joan refuses to believe in that unwritten law which says a movie star's children should go to an exclusive school), Melinda has her puree of vegetables right on the dot, and regularly every morning the cook and butler receive the menus and instructions for the day. When Joan is work-
[Cont. on page 70]

JOAN BENNETT

By
Elizabeth
Wilson

Jack Benny and his
very pretty co-star
in "Artists and
Models Abroad."





"You get out of here, both of you," she cried. "This is my room. You have no right to break in this way."

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG

That's What The Adoring Motion Picture Fans
Called Him, But The Little Librarian Aboard
The "Queen Victoria" Had Other Ideas.

ALICE BLACK considered the pile of books in front of her. She sat all alone in the tiny room which was the ship's library and wondered how she was going to get everything straightened out by the time the Queen Victoria sailed. Not that she expected a crowd to descend upon her immediately, but it was probable that a few people might straggle in. She was also wondering why the ship was so late sailing, and what all the excitement was about on the pier.

She checked off another book from her list, then sighed and leaned back in her chair. The table beside her was littered with papers, cards and publishers' blurbs. The floor was covered with books. Alice looked around the room. She liked the dark paneling, and she liked the green curtains in front of the window-ports. She didn't quite know whether or not she liked the selection of books, or whether she would like being a librarian. Still, she was getting to Europe, and that was all she wanted.

She fondled several letters and telegrams which wished her, in the customary terms, a pleasant and successful trip. One was from her mother. One from the other teachers at Bethlehem Junior High School. And one, a very special one, from James Hartley, Assistant Professor of Mathematics at Lehigh University. In the Fall Alice was to become Mrs. James Hartley.

Alice was small, and dark, with nice, blue-gray eyes, a rather piquant nose, and a general air of efficiency. When she had her glasses on—as she did now—she looked like what she was: a school-teacher. When she didn't have them on and when she didn't wear her hair severely—which was seldom—she was as pretty as any other girl in Bethlehem, Pa. At least, that was what James said. In spite of his being so mathematically minded, James was a dear. He couldn't help it if he was always doing little problems in his head—just for fun. Like working out by calculus how much gin there was in a Martini, merely by the color of it, and the size of the glass.

James had wanted her to take this trip. If he hadn't had to teach this summer, he would have gone too. As it was he had arranged

for her to get this job, so here she sat, in the midst of hundreds of books.

Only one thing bothered her. That was whether or not she would be able to make her quota. It seemed pretty high, and whatever amount she was behind she would have to make up out of her own pocket. If she had to do that she wouldn't have very much left for spending money. Worst of all, the ship's library had formerly been free, and she was afraid that people might resent the fact that it was now a pay library, sponsored by a well-known publishing house.

Alice tried not to think about these things, and attacked a fresh pile of books.

On the dock all was confusion. The Queen Victoria was supposed to sail at noon. It was now one o'clock. The cause of the delay, a young man named Roger Firbank, stood at this moment on a lower deck, completely surrounded by reporters, photographers and news-reel men. Some twenty feet below, on the pier, was a mass of women—thousands of them. They shouted, and jostled, and screamed and pulled each other's hair—just so they could get nearer to the spot where Roger Firbank stood. They called endearments; they pleaded for autographs. To Roger Firbank this sea of upturned faces resembled a writhing, churning whirlpool.

Roger nervously eyed the throng of women, at the same time trying to answer the barrage of questions flung at him by the reporters. His once natty appearance had now become only so-so. The bright, expensive tie was out of place; his impeccable gray slacks were here and there streaked with dirt; his sporty checked jacket was mussed and several buttons were missing; and his pale gray felt hat was not so jaunty as it once must have been. But the handsome profile was intact; the smooth olive skin, except



MAN

By David Manuel

Sketches by E. A. Whitney

for a smooch of dirt and lipstick on one cheek, was as unequalled as ever; and his blue eyes were sparkling with youth and health. He flashed an agitated smile, exposing white, even, perfect teeth. "Come on," a reporter shouted rudely, "answer our questions. Do you or don't you think you're beautiful?"

Roger forced a grin. "Please, gentlemen," he protested in that well-modulated voice of his, so familiar to millions of screen fans, "please stop asking me such silly questions. And if you don't watch out, you're all going to get left on board."

"What about that actress dame? Do you love her?" interrupted a crude individual. "Hold still, you! And smile!" photographers shouted. A woman on the dock screamed and fainted. Several dozen frantic female passengers bore down on Roger, carrying several ship's officers with them. Reporters swore, women shrieked, photographers hugged their cameras. Roger, in frantic desperation, shoved the representatives of the press aside and fled down a passageway.

Alice juggled a pile of books and walked toward a little ladder standing in front of the empty shelves. She set the books on the top step of the ladder. Suddenly the door of the library opened and in burst Roger Firbank, his hat in his hand, his dark wavy hair mussed, his tie awry. He quickly slammed the door and leaned against it.

Alice stared at him in startled surprise. Then she addressed him primly, "I'm sorry, sir," she said, "but the library isn't open yet."

He stared back at her in amazement. Then, leaning against the straining door with all his strength he locked it and sank into an empty chair. He adjusted his tie and smoothed back his hair. He smiled at Alice. She merely stood looking at him severely.

"You can't stay here," she repeated, putting on her best school-marm expression.

"I can't go out there."

"Why not?"

"Because they'll mob me."

Alice gave him a severe frown.

"You mean the police are after you?"

"No, of course not," Roger looked annoyed. "It's just a little send-off party."

"Oh, I see," said Alice. "Well, if you want to stay in here, you'll have to help me. Otherwise you'll just be in the way." She thrust a pile of books into his hands. "Here, hand these to me one at a time."

The annoyed look on Roger's face changed slowly into a grin. "Okay," he said, getting up. Alice climbed unsteadily to the top of the ladder.

"Now that other pile," she said, when he had handed her the last book. He obeyed. She didn't know whether she ought to be harboring a strange young man this way. Still, she thought, she couldn't see any harm in it.

"Have we sailed yet?" she inquired less sternly.

"No, I don't think so."

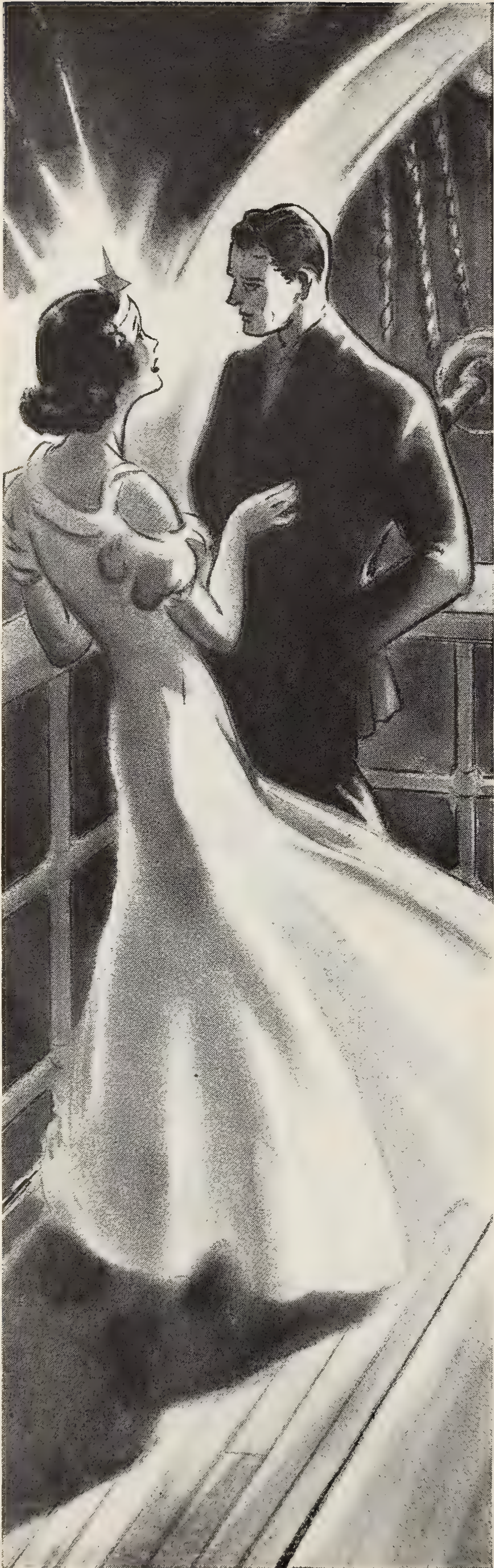
"How silly. I can't imagine why they would hold up a sailing just because of some ridiculous actor." She gave the books a resounding thump. "Why, I was just talking to one of the stewards, and he said he'd never seen anything like it."

Roger's face expressed wonderment. "You mean you don't know who I am?"

Alice laughed. "Why should I know you?" She pointed at another pile of books. Roger brought them over to her, a slightly skeptical look on his handsome face.

"Because I'm Roger Firbank," he said with great dignity.

"How do you do. I'm Alice Black. Hold those books a little



higher, please."

"But I'm the—the actor; the one who held the ship up." He held the books up as high as he could.

Alice smiled reprovingly. "Why should an actor go around with dirt smooched all over his face?"

Roger looked around for a mirror, found one, and rushed to it. He tidied himself up in front of it. Then he turned to Alice. "Even if you don't believe me," he said haughtily, "it's true."

"Well, even if it is true, what do you expect me to do?" Alice spoke sharply.

Roger was somewhat taken aback. He saw she was not the least bit impressed. "Well, it is true." From his pocket he removed a wad of clippings. "Look here." On top of the wad was a large smiling picture of himself. Underneath was the caption: "Here he is, girls—Roger Firbank."

Alice descended slowly from the ladder. She looked first at the picture, and then at Roger. "It's you all right. But don't you worry about me any. I won't hurt you."

"Well, aren't you impressed?" Roger waited for his due.

Alice shook her head.

"You don't seem to understand—I'm an important movie star." This haughtily.

"Not to me."

Roger was nonplussed, deflated. "Don't you ever go to the movies?" he asked in amazement.

"Only to pictures with some educational value. I detest the usual run of screen entertainment."

Roger ran his fingers through his hair. "Oh," he said blankly. He went to the porthole and looked out. "We've sailed at last. I guess I'll go now. Thanks very much."

"You're quite welcome," she said, going on with her work.

He took one last incredulous look at her, unlocked the door and went out. In a moment he was back again. "They're still there," he gasped. "Women—hundreds of them." He locked the door again and sat down, lighting a cigarette. Misery seemed to envelop him.

Alice scarcely looked up. "Stay here, if you want," she said. Then she added disdainfully, "Aren't some women awful fools?"

Roger shook his head. "Between you and I, there aren't many like you."

"Between you and me," Alice corrected.

"Well, anyway, I must say you're an exception."

"You think I ought to be like all the rest, is that it?" She looked at him sharply through her glasses. "Well, I never. . . . I don't believe I've ever seen so much conceit in all my life."

"I get it," Roger said, grinning. "This is a rib. You're just kidding me." He rose.

Alice got quickly to her feet. She came over and stood directly in front of him, her eyes flashing. There was something bird-like about her movements as she thrust her finger before Roger's face. "Listen here, young man," she said acidly, "I want you to know once and for all that I have no use for vain, artificial, shallow, showy, prettified young men. And if you don't believe me, you can get right out of here this minute!"

Under this violent attack Roger backed away. "All right," he said ruefully. "You win. I believe you. But you don't have to get so mad about it." Then an expression of amusement crossed his face. He reached over and removed Alice's glasses. He stepped back. "I thought so," he said appraisingly. "You're really sort of pretty and cute. Did you know it?"

Alice snatched her glasses away from him. "You get out of here at once! Before I call someone." This time she was really angry.

"I'm sorry," he said contritely. "But you really are quite pretty, you know. I can't help that, can I?"

Somewhat mollified by his change in manner, Alice said, "Your whole trouble is that you've been flattered and spoiled to death. Probably you wouldn't be such a bad sort if you'd only be yourself. But you have to show-off and be flattered all the time. I know, because I encounter your type in the eighth grade right along."

Roger didn't seem to resent this criticism. "You know," he said, sitting down again, "you remind me of a girl I used to know in high school. She was a swell kid. Don't tell anybody, but we were engaged, and then she broke it off. Wouldn't the newspapers like to know that?"

Alice perched herself on the desk, her glasses still in her hand. "I thought so. Underneath all this publicity and Hollywood make-believe, you're just an overgrown boy. A case of arrested development, I would say." This last with a little smile that took the sting away. "If I could discipline you a bit, the way I handle my pupils, I think it would do you a world of good."

Roger looked sheepish and nodded. "I guess I'm really not so important after all. But I *was* beginning to believe it myself."

"Well, it's not all your fault."

"Thanks. You know, Alice, it's nice to talk to someone normal again. I'd almost forgotten what it was like."

Alice became brusque once more. "That's all very well, but I have my work to finish. You [Continued on page 66]

"You're beautiful," he said softly. "Oh, no I'm not," she retorted as she turned her face up to his.

WE MEET WITH TRIDE

TO DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JUNIOR



SINCE December 9, 1907, young Doug has been treated generously by Fate. But it has done him no harm. In fact, it has made of him one of the most gentlemanly leading men. He is six feet one inch in height and not a sliver of him is conceited. He studied abroad and worked there, but now he is home and very much in demand—making good in every role.

(At top, left) As Rupert of Hentzau in "The Prisoner of Zenda," with Ronald Colman and Mary Astor. (Next, below) With Irene Dunne in "Joy of Living." (Next) Opposite Danielle Darrieux in "The Rage of Paris." (Bottom) In "Having Wonderful Time," with Ginger Rogers. (Above) Doug Jr., Roland Young and Billie Burke in "The Young In Heart." (Right) With Ann Evers, Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine in "Gunga Din."





In Sweden, when Greta Gustafsson was a little girl, she lathered the barber shop customers. Not the way for an actress to begin, perhaps, but now, as Garbo, she is loved the world around for her great acting gift.

GIFT VS. INHERITANCE

Some Stars Are Descended From Famous Stage Names And Others Have Only Themselves To Blame Or To Thank.

The actress, Norma Shearer, whose performance as "Marie Antoinette" marks her as a genius. Her children may inherit a great talent.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S son is a banker, Henry Cabot Lodge's descendant is heard in the same halls of Congress. The sons of Gypsies roam the world. Are our most talented actors and actresses secured from family trees that have blossomed before the footlights?

On this page are the orphans of the theatrical profession. They have no ancestors who knew grease paint, nor childhood memories of sleeper jumps and one night stands. But who shall say that there is a stageling to surpass or equal them?



Shirley Temple "had something" when first she faced a camera. Destiny marked her for greatness. (Left) Charles Boyer gives life and art to his performances out of his own consciousness.



Paul Muni has great understanding of life because he lived a tough role. Does the heritage of those boys to the theatrical purpose bring a greater talent than childhood schools by hunger and ambition? (Left) Basil Rathbone as he appears "If I Were King." He stands alone with the shadows of the past and whispers the tradition of the great mummer.



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One Power is a proud son of his actor parents. His great grandfather is an Irish comedian known even in America. (Below) John Barrymore—Prince of the Theatre—is a member of the great Barrymore-Drew family.



Only a little beginner—Ann Rutherford—but in her veins is magic! She is the heir of a great thespian. Richard Mansfield, once America's greatest actor, was her cousin. Perhaps the spirit of Cyrano de Bergerac, one of his greatest roles, lives on.

Constance Bennett is one of the true actresses on the screen and it took two generations to grow her. (Next) Herbert Marshall comes by his talent as a sovereign comes by his throne. (Left, center) Martha Raye. Dressing rooms are her home and her mother's trunk lid was her cradle.

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TALL

One tall man who towers above them in ability is Melvyn Douglas. With Irene Rich in "That Certain Age."

Clark Gable is six feet one inch and Carole Lombard looks up at him adoringly. (In lower corner) Sonja Henie with Cesar Romero high above her—but only in inches.

DARK

The Six-footers Fill The Great Lover Roles



Gary Cooper who is 6 feet 2 1/2 inches tall with Merle Oberon in the six-guns in "The Lady and the Cowboy."





(At Right-center) Ann Morriss models a pancake of fine black wool, with a long, wide streamer worn either down the back or as a scarf, lending an air of mystery to the wearer. (Next) A new version of the Cossack turban is most flattering to Jacqueline Wells. It is of glycerined felt in black, banded and topped with black and brilliant blue grosgrain ribbon and a matching blue veil worn over one shoulder.



Accessories Of The "Frou-Frou" Variety Are Going To Be Much In Evidence This Fall.

(L. to R.) Phyllis Brooks wears this smart tweed sport suit with monotone grey-beige skirt topped with a matching jacket striped in brown. Her felt beret, sweater and leather bag are of beige contrasting with her rich fur scarf of eight sables. Her beret is also contrasted with brown in velvet. Nancy Carroll is trim in a silk and wool plaid in three shades of green, with sunburst pleated skirt. Her Scot's tam is green felt with pheasant quill. For afternoons Jacqueline Wells chooses a black crepe frock with interesting front detail which makes it resemble a coat. Black velvet is used for the charming cocktail-hour suit worn by Phyllis Brooks, with a shaped inset of batiste daintily embroidered used at the neckline. Paulette Goddard looks very comfortable in her "cozy" bolero of rich, dark mink worn over a simple tile-red wool dress, with a wide brown suede belt. And Gail Patrick gives you a preview of the kind of Persian lamb box coat that the smart woman is going to wear later on.

AFTER a fashion era of great simplicity, it seems strange to have furbelows so much in evidence. But Paris, the style center of the universe, has taken them up in real earnest and Hollywood, the style center of these United States, has followed closely in her footsteps. So do not hesitate to deck yourself out with all the pretty gew-gaws you've been denying yourself for years. Also, even though black has come to be known as the "classic" color for dress-up frocks of all varieties, lovely, rich shades are being combined this season for costumes that have nothing whatsoever to do with country sports; shades such as purple astor, lovely bronze greens and golds, rich reds and autumn browns and some perfectly heavenly blues. These harmonious tones do wonders for your eyes and complexion.

(Continued on next page)



The Screen Stars Give You Some Tips On What To Wear When That "Heavy Date" Comes Along.

(At left) Gloria Stuart in a glamorous silver lamé formal gown with matching shoulder straps, a heart-shaped decolletage and draped bodice in the Empire manner. The gown hugs the body and flows into a long graceful train in the back. A necklace of rubies and diamonds is the only adornment of this costume, over which Gloria wears a matching three-quarter wrap bordered with silver fox. (Below) Phyllis Brooks in a diaphanous black net with a snowflake pattern of shimmering silver paillettes outlining the wide belt and full skirt. (Next) Hudson Seal fashions this pencil slim evening wrap of Andrea Leed's which was designed by Schiaparelli, featuring elbow length sleeves and worn with a narrow belt of gold kid





(From L. to R.) With a delicate frock of pink net and lace Ruby Keeler dons a lovely lavalier of star sapphires and diamonds with matching bracelet and ring.

(Remember, these same ideas can be carried out in fairly inexpensive costume jewelry). With black velvet she prefers a heavy pendant of pearls with a clustered ruby drop, and carries a French bag studded with gold beads and rubies. Above, her oval black satin bag is embroidered in gold and inlaid with aquamarines to correspond with her bracelets. (Left) Earrings are a flattering tribute to the new high hair-do, especially when they are fashioned of diamonds and emeralds like Shirley Ross'. Her wide bracelet matches, of course.



"There Goes My Heart," titian-haired Nancy Carroll (right) wears a sunburst cape of luscious red fox with a band of the fur making a halter fastening at the front. Her chic black tulle gown relies upon its clever draping with very successful results. (Below) Joan Marsh's exquisitely molded gown is of silver bugle beads which glisten like Christmas snow. You really need a "figure" for this type of gown. (Center) Heavy slipper satin in a perfectly heavenly shade of laurel green, combined with velvet bows in a darker shade of green contrives to make Joan look ultra-sophisticated. The flaring skirt is topped with an adroitly draped bodice held up by almost infinitesimal crossing straps of the same material. (Next) The Spanish or Mexican influence is responsible for Dorothy Lamour's black lace gown with strapless bodice. A modern version of the Mantilla is draped carelessly over her head and shoulders.



THE

PICTURE



Minna Gombell, Fernand Gravet, Hugh Herbert and Luise Rainer in "The Great Waltz."



Joel McCrea and Andrea Leeds in "Youth Takes A Fling."



John Howard, Owen Davis, Jr., and Mary Carlisle in "Touchdown, Army."



Charles Farrell, Jacqueline Wells and Jason Robards in "Wings of Doom."



Glenda Farrell, Hope Hampton and David Oliver in "The Road to Reno."



Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, Jane Bryan and Beulah Bondi in "The Sisters."

HARVEST



Bob Burns, Fay Bainter and Dickie Moore in "Arkansas Traveler."



Ruth Terry, John Barrymore and Donald Meek in "Hold That Co-ed."



Jane Bryan and Gloria Dickson in "Girls on Probation."



The Marx Brothers, Lucille Ball and Ann Miller in "Room Service."



Victor McLaglen, Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant in "Gunga Din."



Anne Shirley in a scene from "Girls' School."



Patsy Kelly and Walter Brennan put on a rodeo. Patsy tries a front seat but there is a little too much neck holding so she rides the rump with the trip getting rougher and rougher. "Say," says Miss Kelly of New York, "What do you think this is, the Bronx Express?"

MOVIE-ETTES

(Continued on Next Page)

Franciska Gaal has a new frock in "Paris Honeymoon" but when she wants to show Bing Crosby how the accordion plaits reach to Thursday forenoon, Bing seeks refuge in literature.

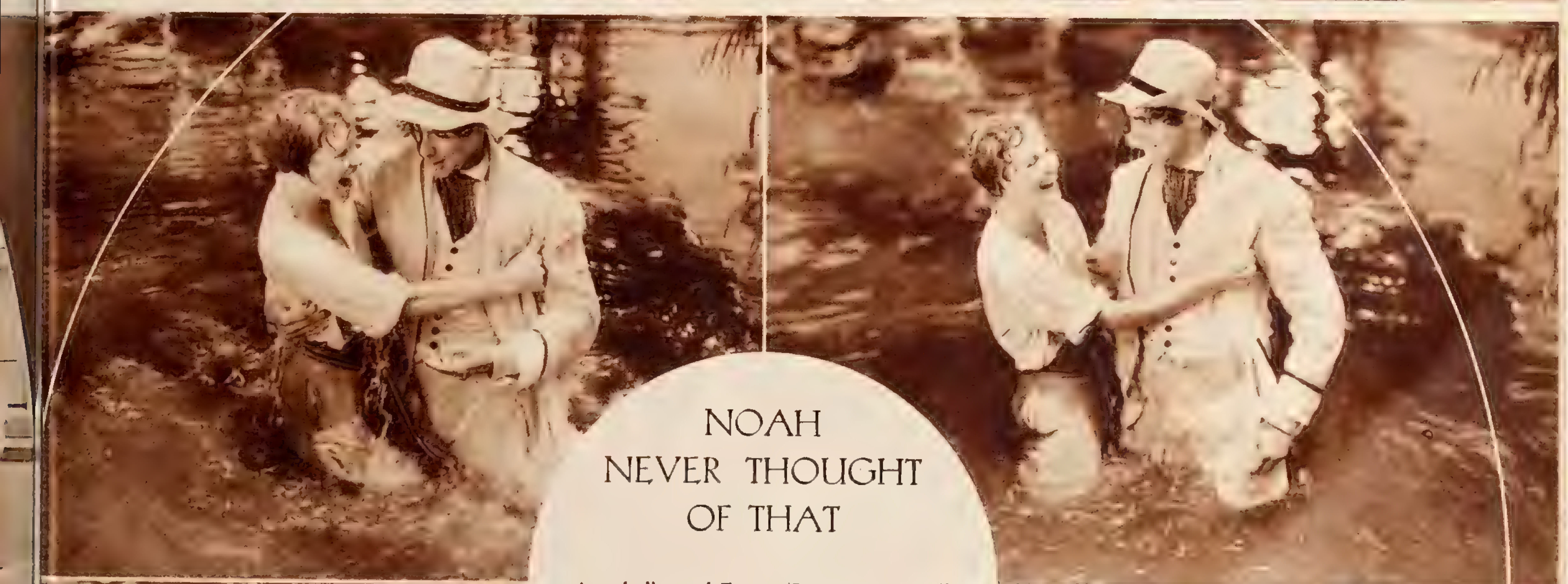


HOW TO SAVE CAB MONEY

Dick Powell practices strict economy on Olivia de Havilland.

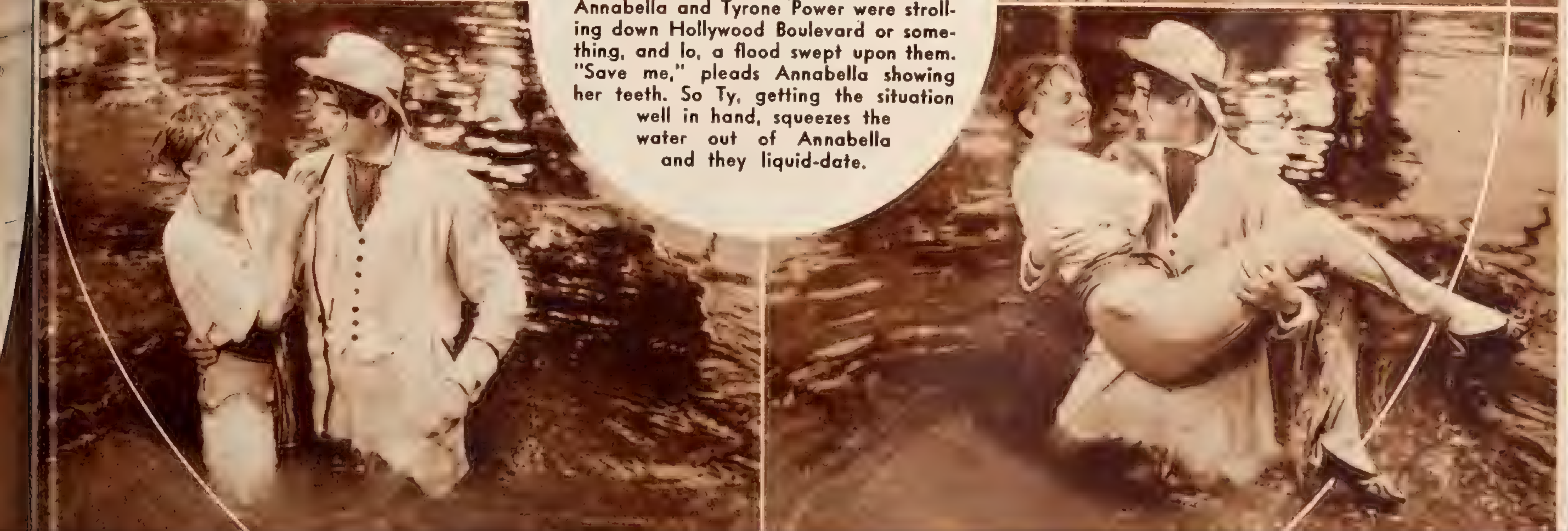


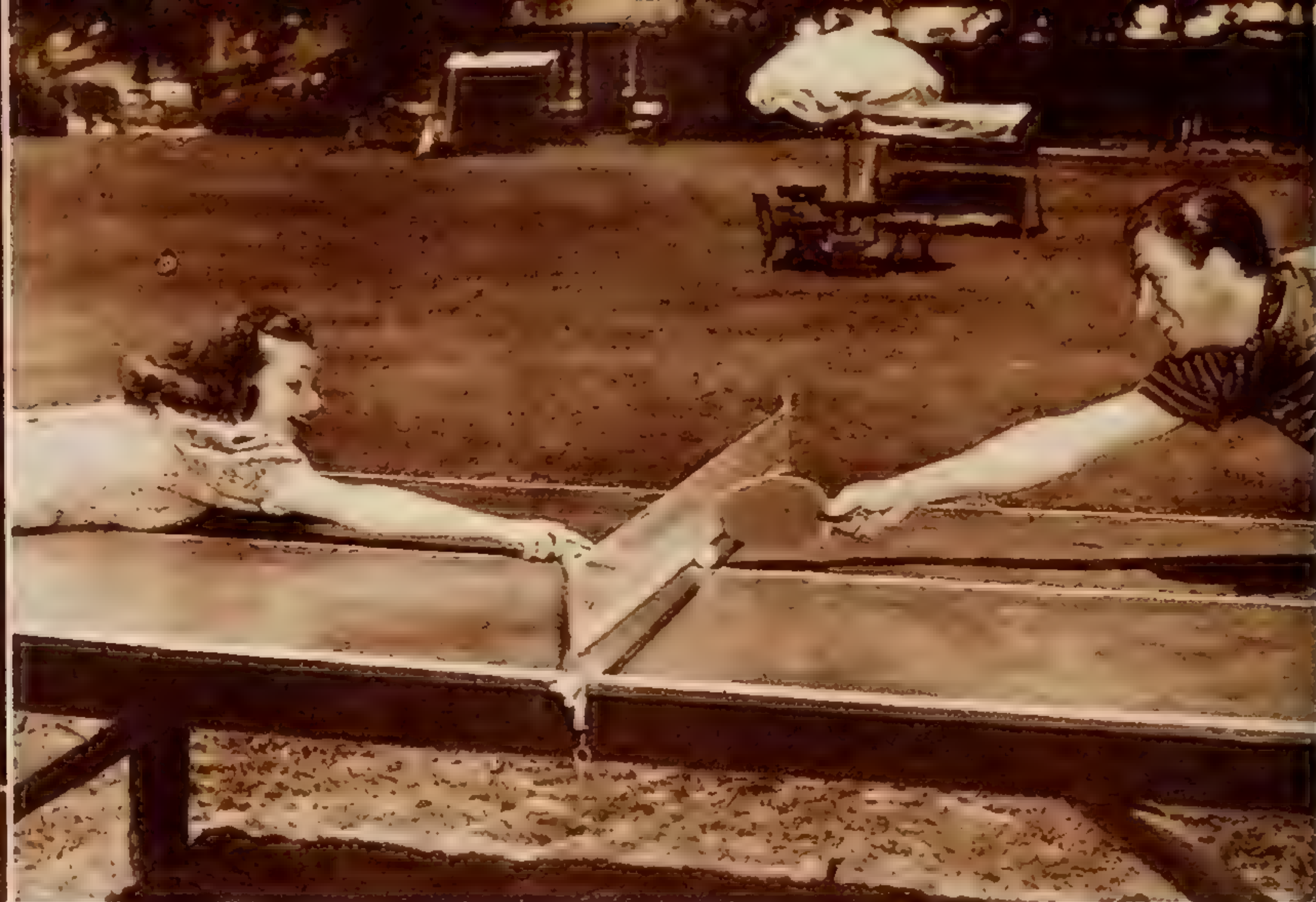
(Left) A bread basket hold. (Above) Hey, she's slipping. (Right, above) He's got something there. (Right) She's streamlined—that makes it harder. (Center) Finally Dick gets Olivia round his neck like an Arrow Collar.



NOAH NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT

Annabella and Tyrone Power were strolling down Hollywood Boulevard or something, and lo, a flood swept upon them. "Save me," pleads Annabella showing her teeth. So Ty, getting the situation well in hand, squeezes the water out of Annabella and they liquid-date.





Marion Martin keeping her shape in shape for "Youth Takes A Fling." Youth also takes exercises. No. 1 is how to give your luncheon companion a kick in the entree. No. 2 Keeps the straddle in working order. No. 3 Saves wear and tear on the shoes and No. 4 is for a girl interested in an aviator.





Louise Campbell, who has a big part in "Men With Wings," and her Airedale. The dog says he washed yesterday, but Louise is determined. She's pretty too in every position and doesn't have to think of camera angles. The taking-the-dog-out-to-sea routine is just in case of an attack by catfish.

Rosemary Lane and Jeffrey Lynn start out to play ping pong, but their picture technique overcomes them, the game reaches a happy ending and a pleasant kiss is had by all.



AT HOME

IT CAN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE—I'LL TAKE A CHANCE ON THIS SOAP



***Stocking Appeal —**
it's spoiled by
constant runs, holes,
twisty seams, wrinkles

OUT ON A PARTY



No S.A.*
[STOCKING APPEAL]

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You *needn't* have constant runs, ugly wrinkles or snaky seams. Just use Lux. It saves *elasticity*, so threads *give* instead of breaking easily into runs. Stockings fit better, too.

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Fill Out The Coupon
With The Name
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WHERE WILL
THE ARROW OF
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STRIKE
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You
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Anyone On The Screen
Is Eligible To Win This
Beautiful Trophy.

HELP
AWARD THE

1938 SILVER SCREEN GOLD MEDAL

Mail this ballot before Oct. 7, 1938
SILVER SCREEN GOLD MEDAL CONTEST, 1938

I vote for.....
Voter.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Send to Silver Screen Gold Medal Editor,
45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Use This Ballot.
The Star Receiving
Most Votes
Will Be Awarded
The Medal.

WHO will win the Gold Medal this year? For the past six years SILVER SCREEN has been awarding a Gold Medal to the player winning the largest number of votes from the fans. You have read of the untiring efforts of the players to perfect their art for your benefit and now it is your turn to do something for the one for whom you doubtless feel affectionate gratitude. Last year Robert Taylor won the largest number of votes. Please write the name of your favorite on this coupon (and your own) and mail to us. Send in your ballots before October 7, 1938. In the event of a tie, medals of equal value will be awarded to each tying contestant.

JIM AT HOME

James Stewart Was Raised In A Western Pennsylvania Town That Doesn't Go Daffy Over A Picture Actor.

By Jane Fales



Here's Jim with his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Stewart, who were nice enough to pose for this picture for the author, even though they are both camera shy—unlike their popular son.

When Jim comes home, friends and neighbors drop in to tell him how glad they are to see him looking so well, and how much they enjoy his pictures, and Jim saunters downtown, unmolested, to greet old acquaintances he may chance to meet in the drug store or along the street. There are no bands at the station on his arrival, and no crowds of autograph seekers. To the practical Indiana

people, such horseplay is not only in poor taste but rather silly.

The Stewarts have been one of Indiana's substantial families for generations. Jim's father, Alex Stewart, is the proprietor of the town's leading hardware store, which was his father's before him—"Big Jim Stewart" everybody called Jim's grandfather, from whom both son and grandson inherited their towering height. My first call was at the hardware store, where I interrupted Mr. Stewart in the midst of showing bicycles to a potential customer, to inquire whether I might see Jim at his home.

"Oh, of course," he replied, apparently a little surprised at such formality. "Just go right up to the house."

I protested that it was near lunch time, and perhaps I had best wait until afternoon.

"Oh, that doesn't make any difference," he insisted. "Just go right up. He'll be glad to see you any time."

So I went up to the house. The Stewart home is a delightful place on a tree-lined street, with lots of shrubbery in the yard and inviting chairs in the side garden, exactly the sort of comfortable, lived-in house that you would expect a moderately prosperous small-town family to enjoy. Mrs. Stewart, a charming and attractive woman with a trim figure and modishly-cut gray hair answered my ring and ushered me into the long, cool living room, a serene retreat with broadloom carpeting, plenty of deep and inviting chairs cheery with summer slip-covers, and a comfortable sort of clutter of books and magazines that bespoke pleasant living.

Jim rose from a divan at the far end of the room to greet me, and I was for a moment nonplussed by [Continued on page 76]

I'VE been disillusioned.

Like most other people, no doubt, I had always pictured movie stars off the screen as surrounded by considerable pomp and circumstance. You would have to battle your way through a formidable staff of managers and secretaries if you wanted to see them, and then find them politely gracious, perhaps, but a little aloof from the hoi polloi for all that.

Then I went to call on James Stewart the other day. And, as I said, I was disillusioned. I was also given an excellent first-hand view of the reasons why James Stewart has definitely not "gone Hollywood" and, equally definitely, never will.

The interview came about because I happened to be in the little western Pennsylvania village of Indiana when word leaked out that Jim—he's "Jim" to everybody there—was home for a brief visit with his parents. "Leaked out" is perhaps not the correct term. There wasn't any particular secrecy about it. On the other hand, there wasn't any blazoning of trumpets, either.

You really have to know Indiana to understand the local attitude toward Jim. It's a little village of about 6000 people, a good share of them retired farmers, serious-minded, level-headed, practical souls, all of them. They're proud of Jim, just as they're proud of any "local boy who has made good," but they don't set success in Hollywood apart from success in any other line of endeavor. "Hollywood glamour" is a term alien to their vocabularies and their understanding.

The Foreign Girls Think More About Making Good At The Box-Office Than About Glamour. They Work Hard, Are Healthy And Happy—And Glamour Takes Care Of Itself.

NOW here's something that's on my mind. And when anything lodges there I can't relax. Maybe it will relieve my brain cell from congestion to express this (professional) peeve and (personal) pleasure. You know, untangle the traffic of thought, there.

The current crop of foreign femmes aren't colorful "copy"! They're friendly folks—but I grieve that I've had to park my most luscious adjectives and save them for home-grown girls.

How times do change! Languid ladies from afar, trailing be-feathered negligees, or sheathed in sequins, used to "receive" interviewers and rave about art and love. Bedecked in shining splendor, their appearances at night clubs were ceremonies.

Oh, those glamour gals did put on *such* a swell show!

All is so different now. Actresses from across the big pond bank the berries, seek gold rather than glamour, consider the job more important than the jamboree. They rent houses that are far from swanky. Olympe Bradna is the only one who owns a home—and it is just a trim white cottage, piped with blue. They wear slacks and sport suits, drive coupés or roadsters. More like business girls than actresses, they work, they concentrate.

All of them are, or have been, married, except Olympe, who had her first date on her eighteenth birthday recently, and Isa Miranda. None of them are mothers. Most of them have had stage as well as film experience abroad. All were born in or near big cities of Europe.

In past years most of our foreign femmes came from Central Europe, where women are supposed to be serious-minded and domestic. *They* gave us glamour. Out of those invasions we have left as stellar lights only Rainer and (occasionally) Dietrich. Now France conquers—France, whose daughters are reputed to be sirens of subtle sophistication. *They* are prosaic and practical!

No wonder my lone brain cell is curdled! These imports have stumped even the praise agents—and *that's* really epochal.

"How can we publicize as an 'exotic enchantress' a girl who raises vegetables—one who wears slacks—one who asks for plain surroundings?" the publicity lads wail.

I'm wondering: will their dislike for the appurtenances of appeal prove a handicap? Is naturalness a detriment?

Annabella, when we lunched together in the Twentieth Century-Fox cafe, looked like a stenographer. Light hair cut short and slightly waved set off a face that would be piquante except for that very firm chin. She wore a white skirt and a rust sports jacket.

Instead of discussing love and glamour and clothes, she talked enthusiastically about her rows of vegetables!

"Sure, I make them myself," she insisted. "No hired help! I dig,

I plant, I water them. You must come and have some of my beets, potatoes, lettuce and sweet-corn, a luxury new to me.

"My first time here, for

the French version of 'Cavalcade', I almost starved. Whenever I asked the waiter for a baked potato," with her new fluency in our tongue, she burlesqued her previous accent, "he would bring me a big pot-a-tea. They say in the publicity that I learned English in three months for 'Wings of the Morning'. That is true. But when I study in London, I think: 'When I go to Hollywood again, I can have a baked potato.' Better still," she chuckled merrily, "I grow them now, to make sure."

Because she prefers to concentrate on her job, M. Jean Murat, the French actor to whom she is married, lives abroad.

"I give the better performance when I am not distracted. So he absents himself." An accommodating husband, I thought, until she explained that he has his cinema commitments in Paris.

"Our wedding? A show-off? *Non!*" A shrug of disgust accompanied her scoffing voice. "Many times I am the bride in ceremonial scenes for the screen. When I do something for myself, I do it the quiet way. We don't even tell our friends until the next day."

On his last trip to Hollywood M. Murat arrived on the date of the "In Old Chicago" premiere. Annabella's presence was requested by the studio. Trust her to handle any situation with deft efficiency.

Greeting him, she exclaimed: "It is important that we attend this premiere. We have less than an hour to make the appearance. You must change your clothes here—yes, right here in the station."

Grabbing a suitcase, he disappeared for a while, returning immaculately clad in evening clothes. They sauntered into the theater nonchalantly—



Danielle Darrieux's first picture here, "The Rage of Paris," was well liked. (Right) Olympe Bradna has been on the stage since she was eighteen months old.





(Below, center) Annabella has spirit and "aliveness." Sparkle seems to be the modern form of glamour. (Left) Hedy Lamarr, who was so enchanting in "Algiers." Her beauty is exciting, particularly when she is deep in a mysterious "mood." (Below) In "The Great Waltz," we will see Miliza Korjus for the first time.



BEAUTIFUL INVADERS

By
Myrtle Gebhart

and nobody knew that he had fished his "tails" out of his baggage, at the depot.

Monsieur and Madame Murat have no children—yet. But Madame, Annabella to us, hopes that when her *petite* ones arrive they will have a childhood as joyous as hers was. Her father published a weekly magazine of sports and travel. Their home was in the suburbs of Paris.

Suzanne Charpentier's (that's her real name) two brothers and cousin took turns being director and actors in the cinemas played in the back yard. Shoo-ing the hens out, they covered the chicken coop with sheets. That was the "stage." For "location" they traveled to the garden. Of course, Suzanne was the "star"!

In her locket, she carried pictures of Norma Talmadge and Mae Murray, her idols. One day, at gym class, the chain broke, the locket snapped open. A quick-thinking one, even then, she told her schoolmates: "They are my cousins!"

A film director saw a photo of her in her father's magazine and gave her small bits to play. But she did not attract much attention until Rene Clair cast her in "Fourteenth of July." A prophetic title, as she was born on Bastille Day, which in France corresponds to our Independence Day.

Reading a translation of Edgar Allan Poe, she liked the rhythmic sound of Annabelle Lee and re-named herself Annabella.

She was co-starred with Charles Boyer in "Barcarole d'Amour," was sent to Budapest for "Marie, Legende Hongroise." After her first venture here, she returned to her film following in Europe, and married M. Murat, whom she met when they were cast together in a film.

Annabella is now visiting him in Paris, but she will return to Hollywood, having signed a three-year lease on the white frame house in Bel-Air. And she expects to enroll her sixteen-year-old brother, Pierre, in a Pomona, California, school.

Publicity hinted that Darrieux was [Continued on page 79]

"SHOOTING" THE

Eight Hundred Miles From The Studios There Is An Atmosphere Of Great Adventure, Of Primitive Man Pitted Against Nature. So The Actors Took To The Tall Timber To Make A Picture—"Valley Of The Giants."

By Dan Mainwaring

THE lumber town in "Valley of the Giants" is named San Hedrin. That's the name Peter B. Kyne gave it in his best seller. The town he had in mind was Eureka, some 300 miles north of San Francisco, in the heart of the redwood country. That's where he worked in the forests and the lumber mills—that's where he got the inspiration for his story.

When Warner Brothers decided to film "Valley of the Giants" in technicolor, the most natural thing was to shoot the outdoor sequences in the country about which Kyne wrote long ago. So, after all the indoor scenes were filmed at the studio, the entire company moved, bag and baggage, to Eureka and for four weeks worked in the shadow of the great trees, in the mill ponds and mills, along the rivers and on the logging railroads which haul the big logs down to the coast.

Moving a company, with its properties and equipment, seven or eight hundred miles is a big job. Housing it, transporting it from location to location and feeding it is a tremendous task. It's one of those jobs, however, that studio location managers and unit managers are used to. On "Valley of the Giants" it was done as efficiently as it could be done.

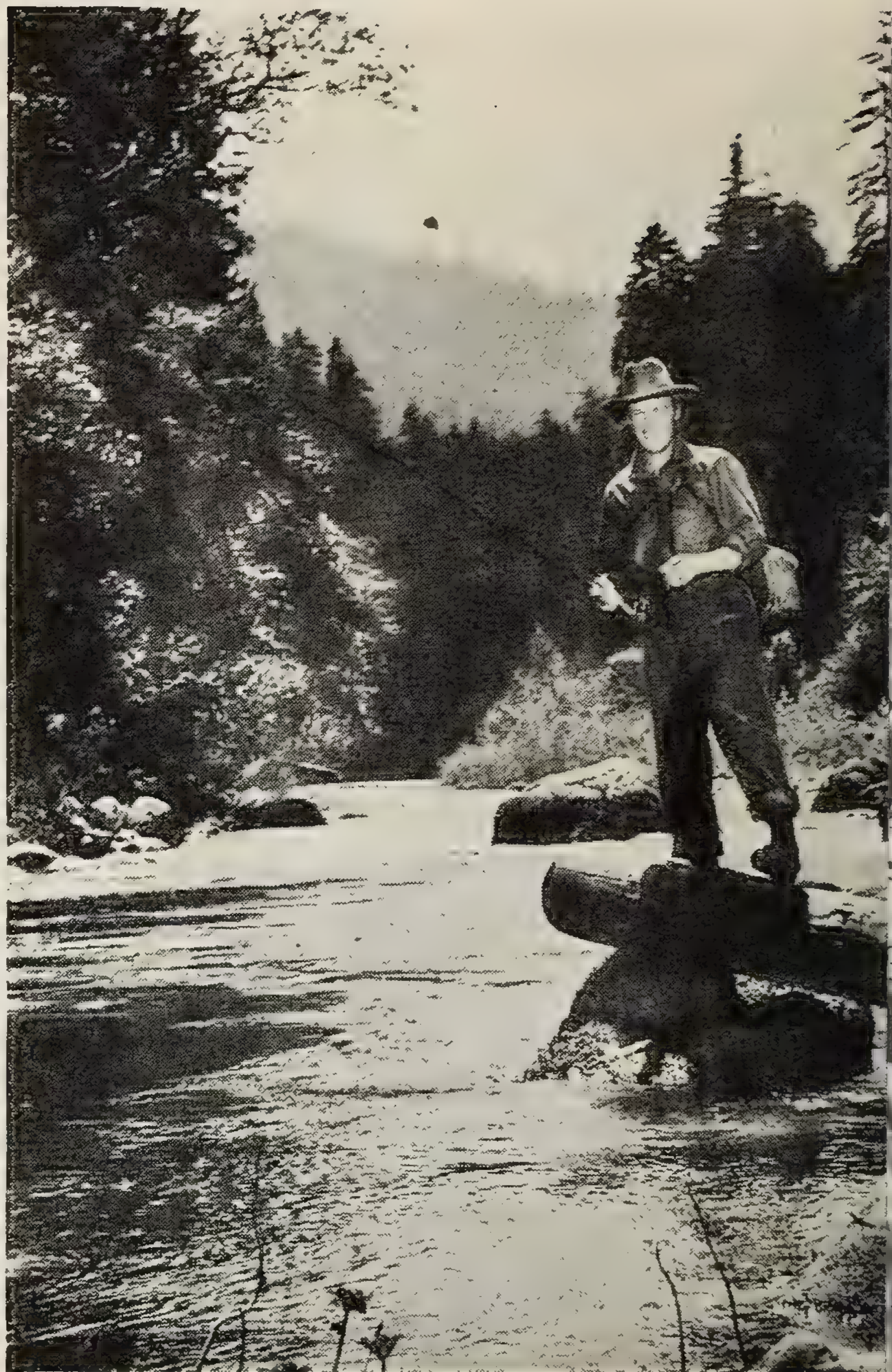
It took weeks of preparation to get the company ready for the trek north. In the first place, permission had to be obtained from three different lumber companies before scenes could be filmed at the location. That was the job of Joe Barry, the location manager. He went on ahead and talked the executives of the Hammond Lumber Company, the Holmes-Eureka Lumber Company and the Pacific Lumber Company into letting Warners film scenes of logging operations. It was also Barry's job to arrange for housing and feeding the 120 members of the troupe and of providing transportation to take the company and equipment from Eureka to the various locations selected.

You can't find properties you need to make a picture laid in 1902 in Eureka. So Property Men Bill Kiehl and Scotty More had to spend two weeks assembling every article necessary for the location and loading the properties on the special train and in the big property truck and trailer. Hundreds of axes, scores of cross cut saws, ropes, cables, boxes of dynamite (without the dynamite), rifles, revolvers, hand cars, four covered wagons, even artificial stumps, were taken north. The wardrobe department had the job of getting together enough clothing of the period for five hundred extras.

Because Eureka is a farming country, no horses were taken north to pull the wagons. Clyde Hudkins, who furnishes the studio with horses, went to Eureka to hire the nags. He ran into trouble. It was the ploughing season and the farmers needed their horses to pull the plows. Too, practically every farmer had clipped the manes and tails of his steeds, which wasn't a custom in 1902. Hudkins finally had to go nearly to Crescent City, 100 miles north of Eureka, to get the horses needed. It was up to Hudkins, also, to arrange to have a flock of sheep and several cows ready for the first day's shooting.

The company, including Wayne Morris, Charles Bickford, Jack LaRue, Johnny Harron, Alan Hale, Russell Simpson, and more than 100 bit players, electricians, grips, carpenters, painters, property men, hairdressers, wardrobe men and women, left Burbank by special train on May 14. Director William Keighley and Assistant Director Chuck Hansen went on ahead by plane. Claire Trevor and Frank McHugh followed by train a few days later. The company arrived in Eureka on a Sunday night. That night the train was unloaded. At 9:00 o'clock the next morning the first scene was shot ten miles out of the city.

The housing problem on the picture was not a difficult one. Luckily there is a good-sized Inn in Eureka and the company took over three floors of it. A wardrobe department and a makeup department was set up on the ground floor. There the hundreds of extras, employed in the town, were dressed and made-up by the skeleton crew of make-up men, wardrobe men and hairdressers.



Wayne Morris and Claire Trevor in a scene that no studio could equal.

The second day of shooting, a record was set. Two hairdressers and three makeup men started at six in the morning and got 300 extras ready for work by eight o'clock.

Some of the regular guests of the Inn didn't take kindly to the invasion of the Hollywood contingent. That was because the company was often up at 4:30 in the morning and when a hundred men get up, dress, breakfast and climb into cars, busses and trucks around a hotel, they can't be too quiet.

Arrangements had been made with the Inn to feed the company. The members dined and breakfasted in the hotel. A travelling kitchen was set up to take care of the lunch problem. It followed the company to the various locations, some of them 65 miles from the town. Though the company was comparatively small, the food bill ran as high as \$700 a day.

Over \$100,000 was spent in Eureka during the four weeks the company was there. Some of that went to citizens who thought up ingenious schemes that made shooting almost impossible. There was a young man with an airplane who persisted in following, by air, the company out on location and in flying circles above Director Keighley and his troupe. He was paid to stay away. Then there was a small independent logger with an old donkey engine on the Van Duzen river location who insisted on blowing a steam whistle every few minutes. He consented, for a few dollars, to keep his hand off the whistle cord.

Visitors were numerous and troublesome. At the Orick location, 65 miles north of Eureka, the school children went on strike so they could see Morris and Miss Trevor working. The Orick school board held a special session and decided to hold classes at the location. Teachers took their children out to the spot where

LUMBERJACKS



(Top) The troupe answers the favorite call of the lumberjacks—"come and get it." (Above) Charles Bickford, Alan Hale and Russell Simpson playing a scene. (Left) Claire Trevor and Jack LaRue. Jack is the city slicker at work in the wide open spaces.

the company was shooting and remained there all day. The day the huge dam across the Van Duzen river was blown up 500 men and women drove the fifty miles from Eureka and created a two-hour traffic jam on the mountain roads. Then they insisted on climbing down close to the dam and it took the efforts of scores of state policemen and studio workers to get them to a safe distance. The day the train wreck scene was shot one bright Eureka contractor made a tidy sum by setting up bleachers on a hill overlooking

the 100-foot trestle and sold tickets at twenty-five cents apiece to visitors. As this was the best vantage point, his bleachers were well patronized.

One of the biggest difficulties encountered during the filming of the logging train scenes were the constant minor train wrecks. Because the tracks had been badly laid, the trains kept jumping the rails. On one occasion the whole Warner Bros. train went off the track and it was a day before it was rolling again.

Dodging the fog was a favorite pastime with the company. In May and June, the fog rolls in at night and doesn't clear away along the coast until noon. Arrangements were made at the seven different locations used for people at the locations to phone in at dawn with weather reports. Where there was no fog, that's where the company shot that day. Because of these arrangements, the company was held up [Continued on page 80]



John Ford gives the screen the best of the argument.

GIVE THEM CREDIT

On The Screen Are Seen Some Of The Finest Examples Of Acting, Yet The Admirers Of The Stage Rank The Legitimate Theatre Above Motion Pictures. Here's Hollywood's Opinion.

By William Boehnel

Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn in "Holiday." Hepburn's performance holds up the screen against the belittlers.



Margaret Sullivan gave her best performance for the very impersonal camera, but she did not know it.

DO YOU remember Charles Boyer's beautiful portrait of Pepe Le Moko in "Algiers," or Gene Lockhart's magnificent characterization of the sniveling informer in the same film? Or Spencer Tracy's superb interpretation of the Portuguese fisherman in "Captains Courageous?" Or Alice Brady's mother in "In Old Chicago?" Or Paul Muni's trial scene in "The Life of Emile Zola?" Or Alice Faye and Don Ameche in the bedroom scene in "Alexander's Ragtime Band?" Or Robert Montgomery's psycho-

pathic murderer in "Night Must Fall?" Or Katharine Hepburn's heiress in "Holiday?"

Of course you do, because they are memorable pieces of acting, which, along with scores of others equally outstanding, made these and other films unforgettable—pieces of acting which linger in one's memory long after the film itself has been forgotten.

And yet, the surest way to start an argument in certain



Alice Faye and Don Ameche in "Alexander's Ragtime Band." This still was taken from a sequence of such great dramatic intensity that everybody left the theatre talking about it.



W. S. Van Dyke and Clarence Brown who, while directing the players, seem to find new depths of artistic feeling.



Gene Lockhart (in striped shirt) did a memorable bit of acting in this scene in "Algiers." He turned informer, and it is here that he begins to realize his death is coming nearer and nearer.

quarters is to refer to these and other superior screen portrayals as acting. I know you'll think I'm completely daft for mentioning it, but you'd be surprised how many people there are who still refuse to admit that there is such a thing as acting in the movies.

Just what these people think it is I, for one, can't tell you. But as far as they are concerned it isn't acting. Call it anything else you like, but don't, under penalty of being drawn and quartered, dare to refer to it as acting because that is an art form reserved exclusively for the stage.

A lot of rot has been spoken and a perhaps even greater amount has been written about the movies in general—their childishness, their censorship problems, their lack of fresh and stimulating glamour boys and girls, their timidity when dealing with vital social problems and the fact that they are one-dimensional and can never produce the same illusion of reality that even the worst stage play can—but chiefly the blasts are directed at their acting.

These charges are usually three-fold: (1) Good acting requires an audience because an audience is part of the performance of a spoken drama, so how can an actor reach great heights if his only audience is a battery of cameras and microphones? (2) Good acting must be continuous—begin at the beginning and go through to the end in a continuous flow—so how can an actor give a good performance when the movies are made piecemeal, with the end coming first or vice versa? (3) Good acting must have freedom of expression and independence of outside influence, but how can an actor give a good performance on the screen when he must always do precisely what the director tells him to do?

Those, then, are the usual charges made against screen acting and if there is a certain sameness about them it is probably because those who make them haven't been able to think up any new arguments and believe that if they harp on these long enough they might eventually succeed in proving their point because, after all, there comes a time when it is simpler to agree and let it go at that.

A lot of these charges are made by confirmed drama lovers who are inclined to be snooty about the movies on general principles anyway and always pan them to the advantage of the stage whenever the opportunity arises. However, this is understandable because the theatre has been languishing of late and the drama followers are trying everything they can to pump new life into it and get it back on their feet.

As an ardent admirer of the theatre, I can sympathize with their efforts, but much as I like the stage and what it offers I refuse to fall into the error of accepting everything its devotees say about movie acting as gospel truth. After all, I have seen some theatrical performances which have led me to feel that maybe the standards of stage acting aren't so hot after all.

But the funny thing about this whole business is that a lot of these criticisms come from within the movies themselves, from players who have given outstanding screen performances. Just listen to this:

"Acting on the screen is not the real acting medium as we know it. To me acting requires two things: (1) Continuity. It must begin at a given point and go through to the end in a given flow. (2) A response from the audience.

"In screen acting you get neither. Frankly, I never feel that I'm giving a performance—on the screen, and watching it after it is over is irritating." That's Leslie Howard speaking and

those are the very words he used when I talked to him about screen acting the last time I saw him at his charming home in Hollywood.

Or this:

"Working in the films is definitely not acting. Sitting in a chair for two hours, then walking up to the camera for a short 'take' and saying 'my baby just died' or something like that isn't my idea of giving a performance."

And that, *mes amis*, is Margaret Sullivan speaking during an interview she gave after she returned to New York from Hollywood to appear on the stage in "Stage Door."

Okay, you say. Miss Sullivan and Mr. Howard are entitled to their opinions. And with that I cheerfully agree. But what puzzles me is that if Miss Sullivan and Mr. Howard really believe everything they say about screen acting, how come Miss Sullivan could turn in such swell performances in "Three Comrades" and "The Shopworn Angel" and why was Mr. Howard so good in "The Animal Kingdom," "The Petrified Forest" and "Berkeley Square?" These pictures were made piecemeal and neither Miss Sullivan nor Mr. Howard had audiences to inspire them.

Eager to find the answer to the riddle I decided to tackle some of the directors, the men who are supposed to be so dictatorial that they stamp out all individual initiative among actors, and learn what they had to say about screen acting.

My first victim was John Ford. Mr. Ford, in case you don't know it, hasn't a very high regard for actors and actresses. Indeed, he has a very poor opinion of most of them and told me so in no uncertain terms when I saw him in Hollywood.

"If you want to learn something about the movies," he advised me, "don't hang around with actors, writers or directors, but spend your time with the cameramen, electricians, carpenters and scenic designers. They're the boys who know what it's all about."

But to get back to stage versus screen acting. At first it seemed as if Mr. Ford were doing a little fancy sidestepping. "As any actor who has attempted both can tell you," he said, "there is a sharp difference in the technique of acting for

the stage and the method of acting for the screen."

Then he began to warm up to his subject a little more.

"My belief," he continued, "is that a great deal more is demanded of a player appearing before the camera. It is obvious that on the stage, through weeks of rehearsal, the actor is able to perfect an interpretation of his role and acquire a proper tempo which is sustained throughout the play.

"On the other hand, motion pictures are filmed in a series of brief takes and to give a truly good performance, an actor must give of his very best talent, artistically and temperamentally and with precise attention to the infinite details the camera demands, and still remember that the scene must not be divorced in mood or feeling from the picture as a whole. Moreover, a motion picture actor does not have the definite stimulus of audience reaction."

It suddenly occurred to me that a lot of what these men were saying really bore out certain of the usual criticisms that acting can never really be great in the talking pictures. But with one exception. None of them had so far said that there was no such thing as screen acting. They were merely pointing out some of the difficulties under which screen actors work.

The next man I approached on the subject was Clarence Brown, who has been directing motion pictures for nearly twenty years and who has never actually had a failure registered against him.

"Screen acting to be effective," Mr. Brown said, "must be essentially artistic, but there must be at the same time a certain technical control or mechanical side to it. The limitations of camera angles, the necessity for certain distances to microphones and such details, place certain limitations around a player that are not present on the stage. Sometimes stage players find it difficult to adapt themselves to these limitations. On the other hand, players from the stage are so trained artistically that, as a rule, they can produce the best effects on the screen once the technique is mastered.

"This technique has nothing to do with the artistic side of acting," Mr. Brown con-

tinued. "One cannot watch a scene such as Garbo's farewell to Napoleon in 'Conquest,' or the scene between Charles Coburn and little Gene Reynolds in 'Of Human Hearts,' where the boy receives his first medical book, and not realize that acting itself is artistic. Things like that could not have been gained by any mechanical method. They are inspired and are within the player."

Having produced some of the cinema's outstanding hits with both stage trained and movie developed players in them, W. S. (Woody) Van Dyke bluntly declared, when the question was put to him, that there are no rules for acting. "It can't be plotted on a chart or explained in ten rules for actors," he said. "It must be spontaneous, arise from within the player and be the player's own inspiration.

"To illustrate what I mean," he continued, "Grand opera is traditional. There are fixed gestures, movements, expressions, for every note of the music and these are rigidly adhered to, no matter who the singer may be. It would be impossible to do this on the screen without getting laughs. Joseph Schildkraut proved it years ago in 'Show Boat' when he recited lines with conventional gestures of old-fashioned acting. His perfect mechanical performance was one of the funniest bits of comedy in history. Take him, however, in the scenes where he un masks his soul and discloses his duplicity to Norma Shearer and Robert Morley in 'Marie Antoinette.' The foppish-looking character becomes a menace and something absolutely terrifying when his true nature is disclosed. That was a great piece of artistic acting. Nobody could have worked out a formula for it."

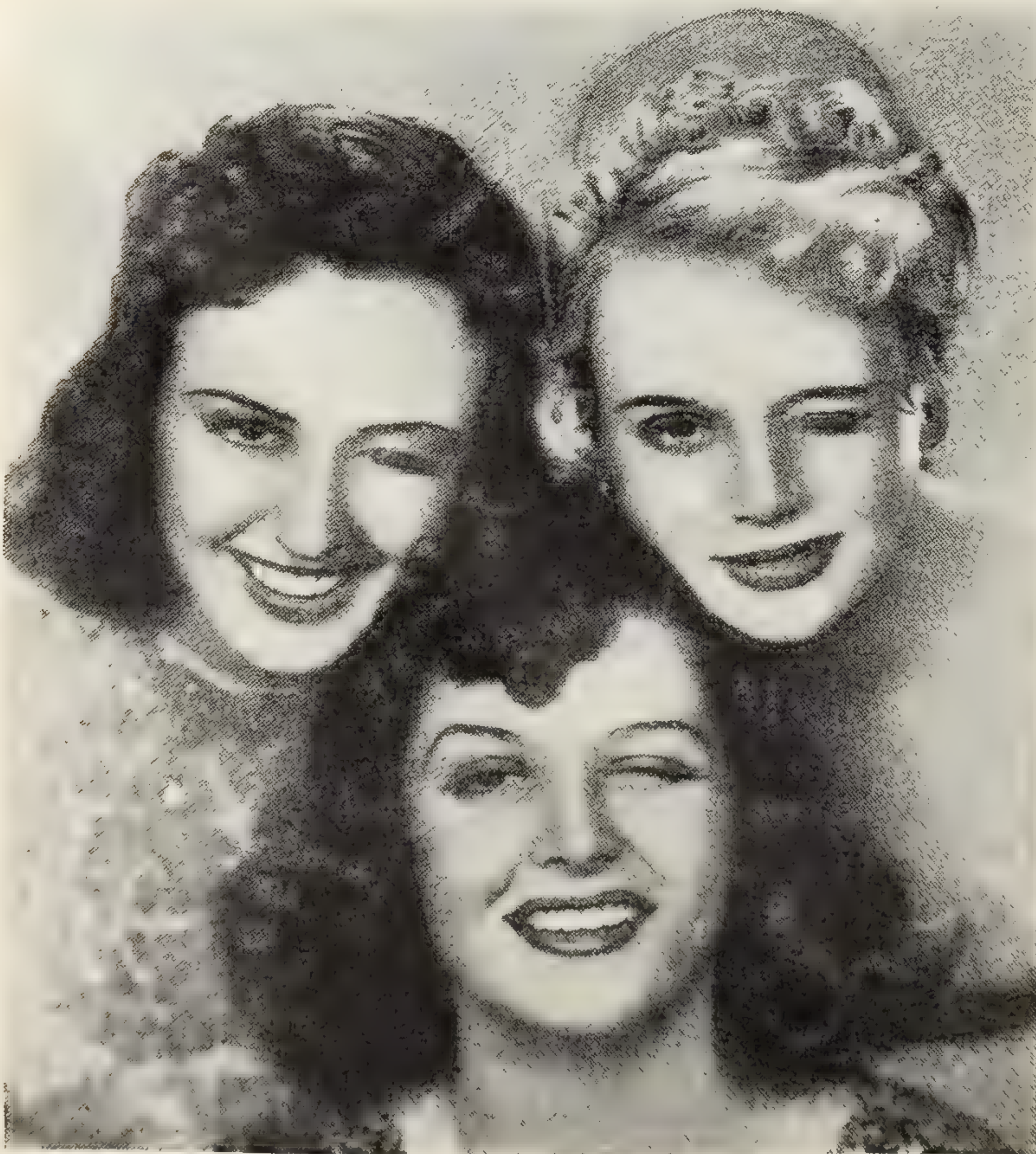
Just to make it a little tougher for some of the boys who wield the megaphones, I decided to pin them down to what they thought were the so-called "Best" performances they had ever seen.

Cecil B. DeMille frankly refused to commit himself. Alfred Hitchcock, having finished the T-bone steak by this time during our conversation, was all set to take a nap, which he invariably does after every meal, but aroused himself long enough to say that he thought William Powell's death scene in "The Great Ziegfeld" and Charles Laughton devouring his food in "The Private Life of Henry VIII" were the best.

Henry King thought a while and then decided that the bedroom scene between Alice Faye and Don Ameche in "Alexander's Ragtime Band," Paul Muni's trial scene and the moment Joseph Schildkraut is released from prison in "Zola" are among the finest bits of screen acting he has ever seen, and Woody Van Dyke thought that Norma Shearer's potion scene in "Romeo and Juliet" was "pure art."

Frank Lloyd felt that Pauline Frederick's courtroom scene in the old version of "Madame X," Eddie Quillan's berserk scene in "Mutiny on the Bounty," and the acting of Joel McCrea and Frances Dee in the scene after the birth of their first baby in "Wells Fargo," were among the most vivid impressions of acting he had, while John Ford felt that Victor McLaglen's performance in "The Informer," Alice Brady's work in "In Old Chicago" and Ronald Colman's acting in "Lost Horizon," were tops.

Even granting that the talking pictures are mechanical and that machinery can never turn out pure art, creations of the kind the various directors have mentioned above are of themselves sufficient to prove that first rate acting is not at all an impossible ideal in the movies. Maybe it is one-dimensional, maybe there is no audience to stir an actor on and maybe players do have to act piecemeal, but as far as I am concerned I would rather see Spencer Tracy's shadow or that of Greta Garbo than a lot of the dreary histrionics of flesh and blood thespians any day.



Margaret Lindsay, Ann Sheridan and Marie Wilson in "Broadway Musketeers," a show that will put your eyes out—one eye, anyhow.

OUT here in Hollywood there are plenty of knockers. You find them at cocktail parties, in the Brown Derby, on street corners, in hotel lobbies and on studio stages. In fact they get in your hair. They are always complaining about something or other and the gist of most of their remarks is that Hollywood is hard-hearted, that Hollywood hasn't treated them right, that Hollywood has failed to recognize their talents, or that Hollywood is ungrateful.

If you are foolish enough to listen to this continuous stream of talk, you will soon become convinced that there is some truth in what these people have to say. You'll begin to believe that Hollywood is some terrible place, comparable only to Limbo and that some humanized form of Satan is running around, continually trying to make people unhappy.

A few days ago I chanced to stop in on my friend, Director Roy Del Ruth, for lunch. As we sat in the Cafe de Paris at Twentieth Century-Fox studios, where Roy was directing Sonja Henie and Richard Greene in their new starring vehicle, *My Lucky Star*, who should happen along but Charles Farrell. I hadn't seen Charlie for several years, as I had been away from Hollywood most of the time since his return from England. You can imagine my delight when Roy asked him to have lunch with us.

It was the same old Charlie in personality and charm, but an entirely different Charlie in physical appearance. He had lost that boyishness which marked him for many years after his spectacular entrance to stardom through the first version of "Seventh Heaven." He seemed mature. All in all, it was entirely becoming. Naturally, the conversation turned to Charlie's transition.

"I can hardly believe my eyes," I had to admit.

"Well," Charlie reflected, "a lot of people say that. And it makes me very happy, because that is exactly the effect I hoped to attain. Everybody thought I was crazy when I chucked my career a few years ago, but I had a plan and I hoped I could carry it out. That I have succeeded proves only one thing and that is that all these stories about Hollywood being hard-hearted are just so much bunk.

"Why, if Hollywood were hard-hearted, I could never have come back after such a long absence and secured another foothold. No matter what I had to offer, people would just naturally take it for granted that I was a has been, undeserving of another chance. But it proved just the opposite. When I returned and convinced the studio executives that I had something NEW to offer, they were only too willing to listen. You know the rest—a screen test and then a contract to play the role of Shirley Temple's daddy in 'Lucky Penny.'

"Naturally I'm thrilled by the whole thing, but I am most thrilled by the knowledge that my experience has knocked for a loop the old theory that Hollywood is a hard-boiled town."

Charlie Farrell looks just exactly the way you would expect Shirley Temple's screen daddy to appear. Tall, handsome, kindly and understanding, backed by a spirit of determination, he brings to the screen a new and long needed personality. Gone is the boyish figure that you always associated with the name of Charles Farrell ever since you first saw him.

And that brings up another point. Charlie Farrell could have kept right on playing those roles and collecting his big salary check each week. But he was thinking of the public, because he happens to be a very conscientious fellow. I asked him about it and after a few attempts at passing up the subject he told me the truth.

"Well, I felt that I was really imposing upon my good fans and friends," he said. "No matter what kind of a role I went

NOT SO HARD-HEARTED

Charles Farrell, Who Left
Pictures With "Seventh Heaven"
Behind Him, Returns And
Finds Welcome On The Mat.

By Martha Mains

into, the audience would inevitably think of me in the characterization I portrayed in "Seventh Heaven." I felt I owed it to them to drop completely from the scene and then return as a different person.

"And that's another point in which Hollywood proved itself," Charlie changed now to the familiar subject. "My friends all tried to warn me against the move. They said that I would be completely forgotten and relegated to oblivion. Well, I was right and they were wrong. Hollywood didn't forget. Neither did the legions of good fans throughout the country who had always been so loyal to me in former years. Everybody treated me swell. They seemed to understand what I was trying to accomplish and were anxious to help."

Well, folks, I've been around Hollywood for a good many years now. I've talked with stars and with men and women who hoped to be stars. I've talked with men and women who are labeled as "has beens." I'll admit that I was beginning to feel a little of their own bitterness and resentment against this glamorous city of ours.

But Charles Farrell came along just in time to save me from myself. He gave me a new slant on life and on the people with

whom I must associate. I've come to the realization that Hollywood is all right, but that some people just cannot keep up with the parade and, because of their own weaknesses, want to put the blame elsewhere.

I've come to the conclusion that what Charles Farrell has accomplished, almost anybody could accomplish, here or elsewhere, provided that person had some real talent to offer and a determination to succeed. I now believe that the reason most of those people are standing around places idly bemoaning a fate which has befallen them is because they haven't what it takes to get out and do something else.

That's why I grabbed Charles Farrell's hand so warmly as we parted outside the Cafe de Paris. I felt that Charlie had saved me from getting on the wrong mental path. And as we walked back to the set of "My Lucky Star," I noticed that Director Del Ruth was strangely silent.

"Say," I asked, "are you thinking the same thing that I am?"

On comparing notes, I found that he was.



Shirley Temple and
Charlie rehearsing
a scene from
"Lucky Penny."



ful simplicity and charming appeal that you wonder why the producers spend millions on stupid spectacles. This is one of those simple pictures which will wrap itself around your heart—and entertain you completely.

Adapted from the Fannie Hurst story "Sister Act," the plot is about a musician and his four beautiful and talented daughters. Claude Rains plays the father of this slightly mad family, and May Robson plays an affectionate tyrant called Aunt Etta. The daughters are Priscilla Lane, Lola Lane, Rosemary Lane (all real sisters) and Gale Page, and they all share their love affairs and their lingerie.

One day a young composer, Jeffrey Lynn, comes to their home to board and immediately all the girls fall in love with him. But destiny takes over, as destiny has a habit of doing, and Lola marries Frank McHugh, the town's rich man, Gale goes for the bashful wooing of Dick Foran, Rosemary decides on a brilliant career, and it is Priscilla who gets Jeffrey—but by then she has fallen in love with John Garfield, a

LETTER OF INTRODUCTION

ONE OF THE NEW SEASON'S BEST BETS—U

WHAT a grand, all-around, thoroughly satisfactory picture this is! Intelligently directed by John M. Stahl, who is celebrating twenty-five years in the cinema, the picture is blessed with both a swell plot extremely well written, and a swell bunch of actors, headed by Adolphe Menjou, Andrea Leeds, George Murphy—and the incomparable Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen.

The letter of introduction is to the famous John Mannering, played to perfection by Adolphe Menjou, once the greatest actor in New York but now a celebrated screen star, and the letter tells him that he is Andrea's father. He is delighted with Andrea and eager to do everything in the world for her—except acknowledge her as his daughter. The great lover must not admit his age.

The secret contained in the letter, and which Andrea will not divulge, nearly breaks up her romance with George who

Bing Crosby, Elizabeth Patterson, Fred MacMurray, Ellen Drew and Donald O'Connor in "Sing, You Sinners."

naturally thinks the worst about the screen lover and his best girl. It also breaks up Menjou's approaching marriage to his fourth wife, Ann Sheridan.

This bare outline does not do justice to this superb story, which has everything. There are times when you will laugh until your sides split, Charlie and wise-cracking Eve Arden will see to that, and times when you have to swallow hard to keep down that lump rising in your throat. This picture is bound to be a smash hit.

FOUR DAUGHTERS

A FASCINATING STORY OF A MUSICIAN'S FAMILY—WB

EVERY now and then a picture is previewed in Hollywood with such delight-

REVIEWS OF PICTURES

young neurotic drifter who is helping Jeffrey arrange his symphony.

This is Mr. Garfield's screen debut (his real name is Jules Garfield and he comes from the New York stage) and so great is the excitement over him that the preview audience declared he would be the next Gable or Taylor—though he isn't the least good looking. But he's got something.

BOY MEETS GIRL

AN HILARIOUS SATIRE ON THE MOVIE COLONY—WB

IF YOU like satires on Hollywood this is just about the funniest you'll ever see. The picture follows faithfully, almost line for line, the original play which had a long run on Broadway and for which the studio is reported to have paid \$100,000—so it ought to be funny. It kids the pants off Hollywood's daffy scenario writers, phony erudite supervisors and fading Western stars and gives an intimate and riotous



Joan Fontaine and Richard Dix in "Sky Giant." (Right) Jeffrey Lynn and Priscilla Lane in "Four Daughters."



glimpse of studio life. But remember, it's all in fun—Hollywood at its maddest was never that mad.

Jimmy Cagney is welcomed back into the Warner fold, and he and Pat O'Brien play a screwball writing team whose job it is to devise new ways for boy to meet girl. But even Jimmy and Pat, at their craziest best, have the picture stolen right from under them by Marie Wilson who plays her first leading role in an A picture. Cast as Susie the dumb ex-waitress who goes to high school while her baby (legitimate now, thanks to the Hays office) becomes a star in pictures, Marie Wilson is simply perfect and gives a stand-out performance.

And very good indeed are Ralph Bellamy as the supervisor, Nick Foran as the slipping Western star, and Frank McHugh as the agent. The dialogue is snappy and the picture romps along at a fast tempo.

SING, YOU SINNERS

PERFECTLY GRAND ENTERTAINMENT—Par.

FOR the first time in his screen career Bing Crosby tries a character role, and much to the surprise of everyone, including himself, he is a knockout. For the first time he doesn't get the girl, he doesn't sing love songs at the drop of a hat, and he doesn't do anything that a celluloid hero is supposed to do. His Joe Beebe is the best part he has ever had in the best picture he has ever had.

The story concerns the living problems of the middle class Beebes. There's Elizabeth Patterson as Mrs. Beebe, who is determined that her three boys shall do something with their music after all the money she has spent on giving them lessons. And there are the three boys: Fred MacMurray, a garage mechanic, who wants to get married to Ellen Drew but can't because Bing is a shiftless ne'er-do-well and won't get a job and help support his mother and little brother, Donald O'Connor. They all think singing is sissy.

But—if you're a Crooner Crosby fan—don't worry. Bing still sings, in fact Mrs. Beebe makes all three of her sons get out there and sing for an honest living. This picture introduces "Small Fry," the Hoagy Carmichael song that is sweeping the country, and its presentation by Bing, Fred and Donald is simply grand, also "Laugh and Call It Love" and "Pocketful of Dreams."

SKY GIANT

BLAZING A NEW TRAIL THROUGH THE AIRWAYS—RKO

WHAT with the excitement of Howard Hughes' round-the-world flight and Douglas Corrigan planting the Los Angeles city limits in Ireland, the public hasn't been so air-minded in years. A good aviation picture these days is a gold mine at the box

office. Well-timed is "Sky Giant," the newest of the air pictures, for it concerns a proposed trail-blazing flight to Siberia, and on to Moscow—a flight that ends tragically in the snows of Alaska.

It is not so thrilling nor expensively produced as "Test Pilot" nevertheless there are plenty of breath-taking scenes and it's perfectly swell entertainment.

The locale of the picture is an aeronautical school designed to prepare pilots for transport service, and the head instructor of the school is a smart, blustery fellow and veteran flyer, played by Richard Dix.

When Chester Morris, whose rich father wanted him to be a diplomat, arrives at the school to learn to be a pilot, a rivalry springs up between the two men not only over aviation but over a pretty girl, Joan Fontaine. When Joan and Chester call off their engagement, due to a lovers' quarrel, Joan in a pique marries Dix just a few

hours before Chester and he set out on their perilous flight—so you can well imagine what a situation that is. Paul Guilfoyle, playing a young officer and the third man on the ill-fated flight, walks away with the acting honors.

THE GARDEN OF THE MOON

A MUSICAL WITH PLENTY OF TRIMMING—WB

IN THE Warners' latest musical a tall slender young man named John Payne gets his first big break. John, who in private life is married to Anne Shirley, plays a practically unknown and impoverished orchestra leader who, through a fluke, gets a chance at a two weeks' engagement in the Garden of the Moon, Los Angeles' most famous dining and dancing room (the Cocoanut Grove, no doubt.)

He and his band are a hit with everyone except the double-crossing, fast-talking, hard-boiled manager of the hotel, played



Dick Foran, Marie Wilson, James Cagney and Ralph Bellamy in "Boy Meets Girl."



brilliantly by Pat O'Brien, who leaves no stone unturned in his effort to do the young man dirt. It becomes a contest of wits between the two men with each trying to out-trick the other.

John is aided and abetted in his trickery by Margaret Lindsay, playing a publicity writer who is in love with the boy, and by Jimmy Fidler, playing Jimmy Fidler. Knowing that Pat's one weakness is a passionate love of Royalty, Margaret and Jimmy invent a Maharajah who is supposed to have gone to Oxford with John.

The picture is directed with far too much attention on individual members of the orchestra and not enough on the love story, which in the capable hands of Margaret Lindsay and John Payne could have been swell. Maybe I'm just not a jitterbug.

[Continued on page 64]

Adolphe Menjou, Ernest Cossart, Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen and Andrea Leeds in "Letter of Introduction."

FOOD FOR LITTLE FOLKS

The Idea Is To Make Their Dishes As Tempting And Attractive As Possible.

By
Ruth Corbin
(All recipes pre-tested)



SINCE this is an article for feeding the young people of the house I'm going to start with dessert, usually the most important item in the whole meal for them. And dessert for the youngsters should never be a hit and miss proposition. It has a definite place in the diet and the importance of the right kind of sweet cannot be stressed too much.

HANSEL AND GRETEL SUGAR PLUM HOUSE

Here is a grand party surprise for children and though it sounds difficult it is really quite simple and the "ohs" and "ahs" from the youngsters will quite repay your efforts. Bake a large loaf cake according to your favorite recipe. When cold, cover with chocolate butter frosting. Decorate roof and sides with thin cookies in fanciful story book characters or animal crackers. Make chimney of small, hard, varicolored candies to represent rock chimney. Indicate windows with heart-shaped candies. An animal lollipop makes a weather vane. Tiny dolls may be used for Hansel and Gretel.

YUM-YUM

- 3 eggs
- 1 pint sweet milk
- Pecans
- 1 package Knox's Gelatin
- 1 cup Domino Sugar
- Dole's Pineapple Cubes
- Peaches, apricots and bananas

Beat eggs and sugar, pour in milk and cook about 10 minutes. Then add gelatin which has been thoroughly dissolved in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cold water. Cool slightly; add fruit and pecans cut in small pieces. Put in mould and let stand in refrigerator until firm. Unmold and serve with whipped cream. Always use fresh fruits when possible with the exception of pineapple. This is a new and never before published recipe. And it will be a delight to all ages.

FROZEN PRUNE WHIP

- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Knox's gelatin
- 2 tablespoons Domino sugar
- 2 tablespoons orange juice
- 2 tablespoons cold water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Heinz strained prunes
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Carnation evaporated milk
- Few grains salt

Soften gelatin in cold water. Mix sugar, prunes, salt and heat to boiling point. Add gelatin, stir until gelatin is dissolved; cool. Add orange juice. Chill and whip evapo-

rated milk to custard-like consistency; stir into first mixture and freeze to a mush. Stir again and continue freezing.

CARROT CUSTARD

Try this on the little ones when plain custard begins to pall. Beat 1 egg, add 1 teaspoon melted butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup (1 can) Heinz strained carrots, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar and 2 tablespoons orange juice. Mix well, pour into individual baking cups and bake in a moderate oven (325° F.) for about 40 minutes or until firm. Serve warm or cold.

Gelatin dishes—plain and with fruits, tapioca, rennet custard, milk puddings, rice desserts, baked or stewed fruits all make excellent desserts for children. They are easily digested and contain the vitamins so necessary to proper growth and development.

Eating habits are formed during the first five years of a child's life. The modern mother uses food for her baby as up-to-date as air travel—foods already cooked, strained and packed in cans. These foods are made from carefully selected fresh foods, prepared in such a way that they retain even more of the priceless vitamins and minerals than the average home made varieties. Hence they are easier to digest. Among the better known brands we find Clapp's, Gerber's, Heinz' and Libby's. For my own children I preferred Heinz . . . it seemed to agree with them better; your child will be the best barometer of which brand to use. These foods are introduced into the baby's diet about the third or fourth month.

As the baby grows and begins to eat more regular food canned, strained foods are excellent in the dishes which begin to approach the grown-up standard. A good example of this will be found in the Prune Whip and Carrot Custard given above and in—

STUFFED BAKED POTATOES

This is especially designed for children $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 years old but it is equally delightful for all ages. Bake 3 medium sized potatoes. When done, cut in half lengthwise, scoop pulp from skins and mash thoroughly. Add 2 tablespoons melted butter, few grains salt, 3 tablespoons milk and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup (1 can) Heinz strained vegetables (tomatoes, green beans, peas, carrots or spinach). When well creamed, refill shells and sprinkle tops with a few pieces of well cooked, diced bacon. Return to oven and

Mickey and Minnie Mouse graciously "stand by" while that adorable youngster, Donny Donegan, of "Mother Carey's Chickens" fame, eats his breakfast.

bake until tops have browned slightly.

Most soups are fine in the diet of children, particularly the creamed soups. Today mothers find this easy to supply with all the excellent canned brands and varieties on the market.

BAKED EGG AND ASPARAGUS WITH BREAD SAUCE

Line shallow buttered baking dishes with canned asparagus tips . . . the green are best, they contain, as do all green vegetables, more of Vitamin A. Add bread sauce, drop an egg into center of each, season lightly. Add shredded cheese, if desired. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 20 minutes or until egg is of desired consistency.

BREAD SAUCE

This is excellent for all left over vegetables. Remove crusts from 3 slices of bread and crumble bread into 1 cup of hot milk. Heat until thickened, stirring constantly. Season to taste with salt, pepper and butter. Whole wheat bread substituted for the white with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cheese added while heating makes a tasty sauce. For cauliflower, sometimes try this sauce with rye bread and garnish with caraway seeds.

LIVER LOAF

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds beef liver
- 2 slices salt pork or
- 4 slices bacon
- 2 cups soft bread crumbs
- Salt and pepper
- $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups boiling water
- 1 onion
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped parsley
- 1 egg
- Pique

Wipe liver carefully, cover with boiling water and let stand 10 minutes. Put through meat grinder with pork and onion; add bread crumbs, parsley, slightly beaten eggs and flavoring. (Pique). Shape in baking pan; bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 45 minutes or until brown. Remove to platter and make gravy by adding 2 tablespoons flour to drippings; stir until brown; add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water; stir until thick and smooth. Pour over loaf or serve in separate bowl.



*Dates
More Dates
Re-dates!*

... ALL FOR THE
GIRL WHO KEEPS
SKIN THRILLING

NEXT DAY

LET'S MAKE
IT A STANDING
DATE, DEAR



SMART GIRLS CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN"
INTO THEIR SKIN... FOR EXTRA BEAUTY CARE *



WHEN SKIN LACKS
VITAMIN A, THE
"SKIN-VITAMIN", IT GETS
ROUGH AND DRY— WHEN
"SKIN-VITAMIN" IS
RESTORED, IT BECOMES
SMOOTH AGAIN



I ALWAYS CREAM
EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN"
INTO MY SKIN BY USING
POND'S COLD CREAM...
IT HELPS PROVIDE AGAINST
LOSS OF THIS NECESSARY
VITAMIN FROM MY SKIN

MARGARET BIDDLE
Philadelphia Deb

Men fall for soft, smooth skin. When skin lacks Vitamin A, the vitamin essential to skin health, it gets harsh and dry. Now Pond's Cold Cream contains this necessary "skin-vitamin."

If skin has enough "skin-vitamin," Pond's brings an Extra Supply against possible future need. Smart girls follow this new beauty care to help provide against loss of the "skin-vitamin."

• All normal skin contains Vitamin A—the "skin-vitamin." • In hospitals, scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns quicker. • Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Pond's has not been changed in any other way. It's the same grand cream you have always known. Use it as always—night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.



SOCIETY
BEAUTIES
USE POND'S

AND POND'S IS
THE SAME GRAND
CREAM. ITS USE
HELPS GIVE SKIN
A **SOFT GLOW—**
MAKES MAKE-UP
THRILLING!

Margaret Biddle

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"Sweet Lips!" If you long to hear these thrilling words, avoid Lipstick Parching!

Choose a lipstick that knows lips must be silky soft...as well as warmly bright.

Coty protects the thin, soft skin of your lips by including in every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick eight drops of "Theobroma." This softening ingredient helps your lips to a moist smoothness. In 7 ardent and indelible shades, Coty "Sub-Deb" is just 50¢.

"Air-Spun" Rouge To Match... Another thrilling new Coty discovery! Torrents of air blend colors to new, life-like warmth. The shades match "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. 50¢.

COTY



SUB-DEB

LIPSTICK 50¢

Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

Pictures On The Fire

[Continued from page 13]

out first, what sort of a man *she'd* fall for.

The director calls "Cut" so the argument stops but it's my own private opinion that Janet recognizes in Chicadee a prototype of herself and that's why she's so steamed up over what happens to Chicadee.

It's getting so late I have no time to stop and swap badinage with either of the principals, so I just mosey on over to—

Columbia

ONLY one lone, lorn picture shooting here. It's "Girls' School" and everyone eagerly assures me it is NOT a remake of Alice Duer Miller's "Charm School." What made me think it might be is that all the girls come trooping down the stairs into the main hall where Heather Thatcher is going to address them.

That veteran of many a Broadway musical comedy, Cecil Cunningham, is the head of the school. When the girls are all seated, she rises, claps her hands for silence, and begins: "I know my girls will welcome this opportunity to learn a subject which, while more *entertaining* perhaps, than al-

gebra, is every bit as important to their future welfare as young ladies. It gives me great pleasure—and it is a great honor—to introduce to you Miss Dawn Brackett (Heather Thatcher) who will talk to us on the important topic of Charm."

The applause breaks out again as the Charm Lady rises. Throughout her speech, the charm lady wanders among the girls waving a long chiffon handkerchief, mincing, gesticulating to illustrate her lecture. Believe me, she pours on Charm. She oozes it and drips it. I have never, *never*, NEVER been so thoroughly impregnated with charm.

I watch her, fascinated, through three or four takes. Charm takes a beating but Charm doesn't wilt.

Well, that's all there is. I know it will be as bitter a disappointment to you as to me but I can't help it. At Twentieth-Century Fox "Submarine Patrol" is on the process stages and "By The Dawn's Early Light" is closed to visitors. At Universal, "The Road to Reno" starring Hope Hampton has just finished. Sorry, but remember—coming next month—Barbara Stanwyck in "The Mad Miss Manton." Try to contain yourselves, will yuh?

Reviews Of Pictures

[Continued from page 61]

FOUR'S A CROWD

ONE OF THE GAYEST OF THE SEASON'S COMEDIES—WB

THIS is so full of playful nonsense that you'll be grinning from ear to ear before you know it. Errol Flynn as an unscrupulous publicity agent gives his best comedy performance to date, and there is a scene where he talks over two telephones to two young women, each of whom believes herself to be the sole object of his affections, which is tops in amusing scenes and had the preview audience applauding like mad.

Rosalind Russell playing a newspaper reporter, and Olivia de Havilland, a sophisticated heiress, are the two young women who are in love with Flynn part of the time and with Patric Knowles, newspaper publisher, the other part, and not since "Libelled Lady" have we had so many love mixups.

Briefly the story concerns a press agent who is out to bag the personal relations account of a sourpuss multi-millionaire, and who gets himself made the managing editor of a newspaper and is ordered to make his client the most hated man in the United

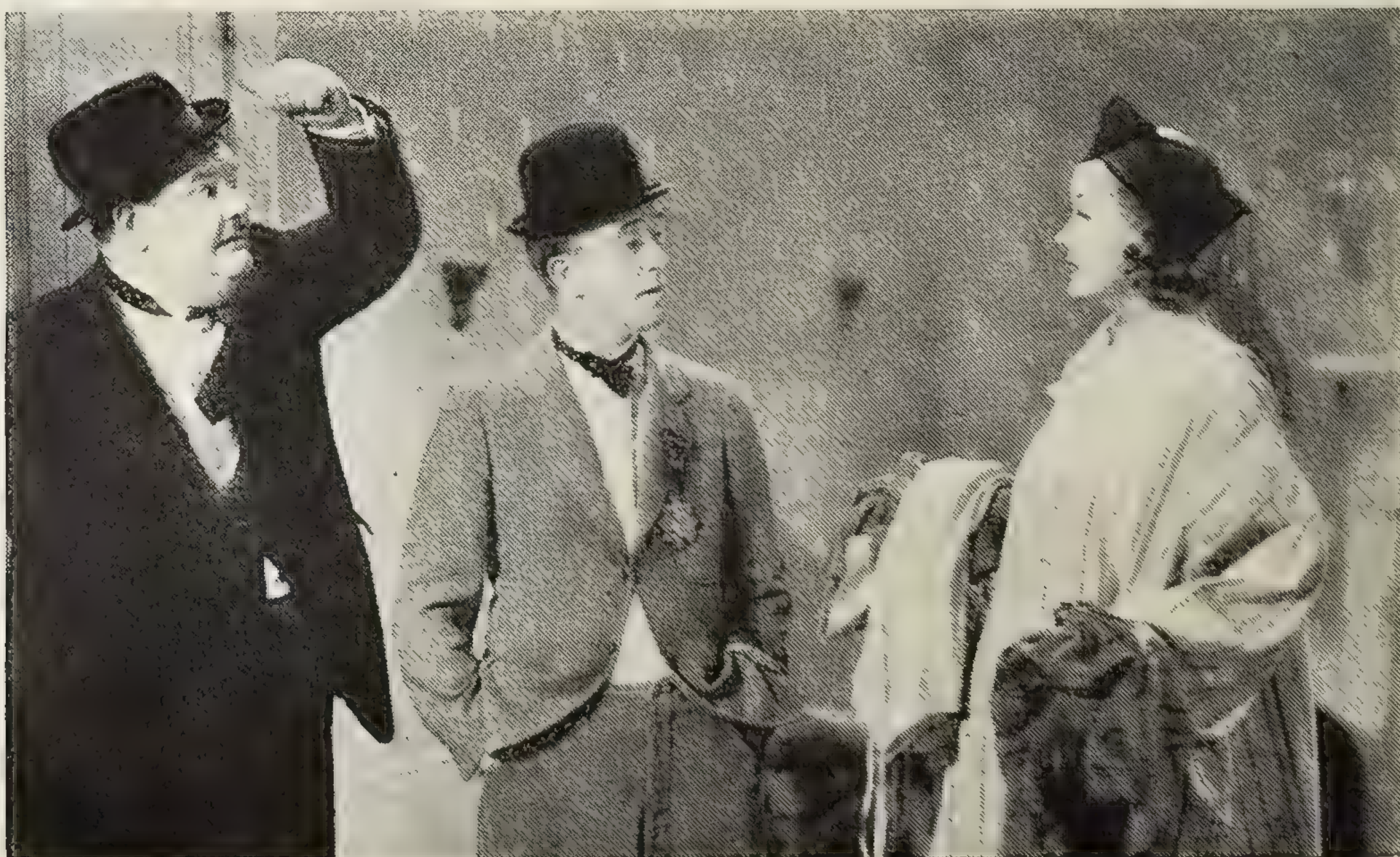
States. Complication follows complication, until you just give up following the plot and enjoy yourself. Walter Connolly is splendid as the millionaire, and Hugh Herbert rings the bell with a short, ridiculous sequence. The entire cast is excellent and you'll be glad to know that Olivia, who has been so sweet and gentle lately as Maid Marian, gets a chance to sock her man—and what a sock!

BLOCK-HEADS

A FIELD DAY FOR LAUREL-HARDY FANS—M-G-M

THE newest Laurel and Hardy picture reverts to good old comedy of the slapstick variety. The story deals with the reunion of the two boys after a separation of twenty years.

It seems that they were war buddies together and Laurel, who doesn't know the war is over, is still pacing his solitary post in the frontline trenches. Hardy has married Minna Gombell, and when he finds his old pal he invites him home to dinner—and the fun begins. There are some swell gags and the humor is generally in the higher brackets. Also in the comedy are Billy Gilbert, Patricia Ellis, and Jimmy Finlayson.

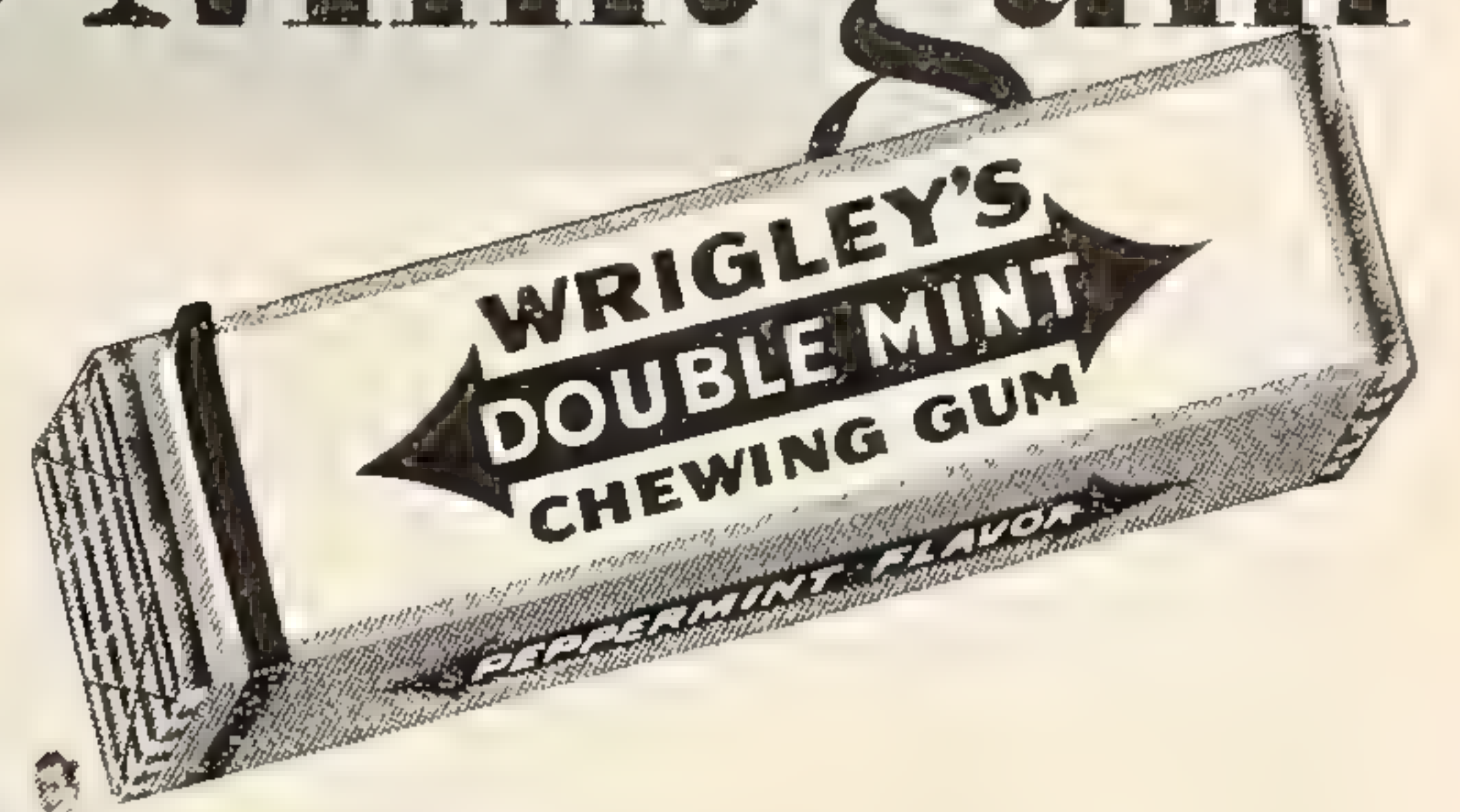


A scene from "Block-Heads." Patricia Ellis, judging by her costume, seems right at home with the screwy firm of Laurel and Hardy.

SILVER SCREEN



You ..made doubly lovely by healthful, delicious Double Mint gum



MASCULINE HEARTS

skip a beat when a lovely woman flashes an enchanting smile. And, refreshing Double Mint gum does wonders for your smile. Enjoy this popular, double-lasting, delicious tasting gum. This **DAILY** chewing helps beautify by waking up sleepy face muscles, stimulating beneficial circulation in your gums and brightening your teeth nature's way. So you have double loveliness, admired by everyone.

Since smart clothes as well as an attractive face mean charm, Double Mint gum had Hollywood's fashion-creator **TRAVIS BANTON** design this very flattering, slim hipped looking Suit Dress for you, which Hollywood's beautiful star **CLAUDETTE COLBERT** models, *left*. You can make this becoming dress for yourself by purchasing **SIMPLICITY** Pattern 2902.

All women want to dress smartly and know this helps set off loveliness of face. Millions agree refreshing, delicious Double Mint gum helps add extra charm to your smile, making your face doubly lovely. Try it. Begin to enjoy Double Mint gum today.

Healthful, delicious
DOUBLE MINT GUM is satisfying.
It aids digestion, relaxes tense nerves,
helps give you a pleasant breath.
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TROPIC BEAUTY for your FINGER TIPS

From the Tropics, where Nature's loveliest colors are found, fashion experts bring the perfect shades for your nails. See how exquisitely Glazo captures their subtle beauty... select your own flattering shade today!

FAMOUS STARS CHOOSE TROPIC

Hollywood—The favorite nail polish shade for fall and winter is Glazo's smoky ash-pink TROPIC. "I love it," says Joan Bennett; "it's fascinating!" Like all Glazo colors, TROPIC gives you days longer wear.

PARK AVENUE GOES CONGO

New York—The deep, luscious orchid-rose of Glazo's CONGO is seen at the smarter places. Every Glazo shade gleams with rich non-fading brilliant lustre.



PALM SPRINGS TAKES CABAÑA

Palm Springs—At this style-making resort, the popular polish shade is CABAÑA—Glazo's gay rusty-red color. Glazo nail polish goes on easily and evenly; does not streak or run; and dries quickly.

IN BERMUDA IT'S SPICE

Bermuda—The tempting exotic burgundy color of Glazo's SPICE is the vogue. Get the becoming new Glazo shades at all drug counters.



Other Glazo fashion-shades: Old Rose; Thistle; Rust; Russet; Shell. All shades, extra large size . . . **25¢**

Glazo's NAIL-COTE guards nails against splitting and breaking; gives added gloss; makes your polish last longer. Only 25¢.



GLAZO

NEW TROPIC SHADES

Beautiful Young Man

[Continued from page 34]

can leave by that door over there, and no one will see you. It leads into a crew passageway."

Roger stood up. "Swell. But listen, won't you have tea with me tomorrow? I want to show my appreciation."

"And be mobbed by all those women?"

"Oh no, we could have it in my cabin."

"Oh no we won't! If you want tea, you come here at four. I'll close the library from four to five."

Roger opened the door and peered out. Satisfied, he turned back and said, "Right, I'll be here."

By the next afternoon Alice had her library pretty well arranged and business was fairly good. Although it didn't seem as if it was going to be sufficient to enable her to meet her quota by the end of the trip. Some of the wealthiest-looking people came in and then left indignantly because there was a charge for books. Alice tried not to be discouraged, and when the library was closed she mingled on deck with the passengers, trying to promote business.

Since her meeting with Roger Alice realized that he was the subject of nearly every conversation on board. She had decided that she would like him fairly well if he weren't so conceited and vain about his looks. Still, she supposed he couldn't help it. Such adulation and such a fabulous salary would go to almost anyone's head. She had read in a paper that morning that he made five thousand dollars a week. It was almost unbelievable. No one was worth that much. Why, that was twice as much as James made in a year.

The papers were full of stories about Roger. He was going to England where he was supposed to make a picture for a British concern. And there was a great deal of talk about his being in love with Nora Gustave, the famous and glamorous foreign star.

At four o'clock a steward came into the library with the tea things, and Alice closed up shop. A few moments later Roger appeared from the crew passageway. He was immaculate in an expensive-looking dark suit. He smiled and said hello. Alice removed her glasses and, sitting down, began to pour tea. She nodded coolly at him, feeling a trace of condescension in his manner. She knew that he was no match for her intellectually, and she felt a strong desire to puncture his superiority.

Before they had a chance to talk about anything there was a sudden pounding on the door. Alice rose and opened it. Immediately two men burst in. One carried a camera, smoked a big cigar, and wore a derby on the back of his head. The other, a short swarthy individual in a green polo shirt, looked the scene over and smacked his lips.

"Lady, I'm Jake Stern," the short man said, "Roger Firbank's publicity man. And this is the ship's photographer. We just want to get a few pitchers, then we won't bother you no more."

Alice saw from the pained expression on Roger's face that he knew nothing about all this.

"Why won't you let me alone, Jake?" Roger protested.

"Orders is orders, son. What you suppose the studio sent me along with you for?" He turned to his companion. "Set it up over here, bud."

Alice stamped her foot indignantly. "You get out of here, both of you," she cried. "This is my room. You have no right to break in this way." Suddenly dynamic in her fury, she gave each man a push. "Go on, get out!" They backed through the doorway in surprise. She slammed the door



Adrienne Ames is back in the "Majors" in the new film, "Birthday of a Stoooge." Nice going, Adrienne!

in Jake's face, then locked it.

"Whew," she gasped, sinking into her chair.

Roger regarded her with admiration. "That was swell of you," he said. "Those guys won't let me alone. And I have to put up with it."

"Put up with it?" Alice was ironical. "In your position, and at your salary, you don't have to put up with anything. If I were you I'd tell that studio where to get off."

"But . . ."

"And they wouldn't do a thing. They're not going to lose you—the money they make out of you."

"How do you know?" Roger said slyly.

Alice blushed. "Oh, I've been reading the papers." She poured out a cup of tea and pretended not to notice Roger's grin. They sipped for a few moments in silence.

"You know," Roger said, "this is the only place on board where people don't bother me. It's terrible. I can't go any place without kids chasing me, and women asking me for my autograph."

"I could fix that," Alice said briskly. "If you'd do what I said."

"How? This is my first boat trip, and I would like to enjoy it. I tell you, you do something for me, and I'll do something for you in return."

"What?"

"There must be something. Think."

Alice thought for a moment. "Yes," she said, "there is. You could be quoted in the ship's paper as saying there was a fine library on board, and recommend one or two books. You see, I have to make a certain amount of money this trip, and so far business is terrible."

"Of course I'll do it. Now you tell me what I'm to do."

The next morning there appeared in the ship's paper, along with Roger's remarks about the library, a little item announcing that Mr. Roger Firbank would be glad to sign autographs for people, but from now on there would be a charge of five dollars each, this amount to be turned over to the purser for the Seamen's Fund.

Very few people seemed to want his signature badly enough to pay for it. In fact they actually avoided him, for fear he might try to do a little soliciting in behalf of the Seamen's Fund. Before lunch he gathered all the children together in the Lounge and told them the story of his latest picture. They were all so bored that they were glad to get out on deck again when it was over. They had expected to hear about gangsters. Roger found that he could walk quite unmolested any place on board.

Lola Lane, Rosemary Lane, Priscilla Lane
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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
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Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray check <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>		
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For the first time he realized that he could dictate to Jake Stern. Jake attempted to browbeat Roger, but Roger refused to be browbeaten. He wore old clothes about the ship, generally needed a shave, frequently ate onions, and consequently the third day out was able to come and go as he pleased.

Alice discovered that her business had suddenly quadrupled. She found that all she had to do to make a book popular was to mention that Mr. Firbank had just returned it, or had liked it, or even that he merely had looked at it.

She learned that Roger's knowledge of books was shamefully scant. So each day she gave him something to read. And each afternoon he came to tea and reported on it. She ridiculed him gently because he said that he was surprised to find that a good book was much more interesting than a fan magazine. He didn't seem to mind her attitude any more. In fact, he seemed rather to like it.

Alice had ceased to worry about making her quota, and realized gratefully that she would probably even make a tidy profit. Also she began to look forward to tea each afternoon.

The Queen Victoria was due to arrive at Liverpool early on Saturday morning, and Friday night had been set for the Captain's Dinner and, as a special treat, a masked ball. Excitement buzzed on board that afternoon, for it was rumored that Roger Firbank would attend, mingle with the guests, and that the ban on free autographs would be off.

Precisely at four, Roger arrived at the library for tea. In their little sanctum, Alice and Roger sipped the clear amber liquid and heatedly discussed a current novel.

"I didn't like it," Roger said. "It's too real." He regarded her thoughtfully.

"That's just why you should like it," Alice retorted. "And besides, it's beautifully written."

Roger nodded. "Maybe so. But I guess I'm just used to movie love stories. In Hollywood you don't get a chance to even know if a thing is real or not."

"How many times have I told you not to split your infinitives," Alice said reprovingly. "You'd be an excellent pupil, Roger, if I could have you in my class for a while."

"That would be fine." Things like this no longer annoyed Roger.

For awhile they both became silent. The fact that this was their last tea party cast something of a pall over them. In this small island of light, centered by the shining tea set, they were both lost in thought. Roger broke the silence: "Thanks to you I certainly got a bang out of my first boat trip. It was swell of you to fix everything so well."

Alice looked up and smiled, just as she would have if one of her pupils had given her a compliment. "Anyone with any common sense could have done it. And don't forget, you were an asset to me too."

She still wore a plain costume but this afternoon her hair was fixed less severely, so that she no longer looked like a school-teacher. Roger said she didn't anyway. He told her she was very pretty. And she was, because her eyes were bright, and there was color in her cheeks.

She caught Roger staring at her admiringly. She attempted to give him her sternest look, the one reserved for pupils who had done something terrible. But it was a fizzle, for Roger merely laughed at her.

"I'm afraid the pleasantest part of the trip is over," he went on. "I'm not looking forward very much to this ball tonight. Jake Stern insists that I owe it to him to go, so I guess I should."

"But it won't be so bad. It's masked, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"What sort of a rig are you wearing,

Roger?"

"I'm going as Romeo."

Alice emitted a groan of disgust. "Roger!—you would! Of all things. You'll be about as much disguised as an elephant in a derby hat. Why did you pick out anything like that?"

"I didn't. Jake brought the costume along. I guess it was the publicity department's idea."

Alice shook her head sorrowfully. "Poor, misguided, little boy. In some ways you are so naive. Did it ever occur to you to go as something else?"

"What about Jake?" Roger said defensively.

"Oh let Jake take care of himself." Alice leaned forward. "I tell you. You get dressed as Romeo, then come down here. I'll fix up something you can change to. I'm not going to let them spoil your trip at this late date."

Roger tilted back in his chair, considering. "It's a go," he said. "On one condition..."

"What?"

"That you go to the ball with me."

"Oh I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"I have to clean up my library accounts."

"Couldn't you do that in the morning?"

Alice hesitated. "I suppose I could." Then she shook her head. "No, I better not—I'm engaged to be married."

"Oh he wouldn't mind—this once."

"No, I don't suppose he would."

Roger held out his hand. "Then it's a go?"

She hesitated again, then reached over and they shook hands. Roger jumped to his feet. "Righto. I'll be here at nine."

When he had gone it was some time before Alice could get herself together. She was thinking about James. But it was true, James wouldn't mind. She knew he wanted her to have a good time, and forget they were engaged until she returned. Anyway, just once—just tonight—wouldn't do any harm...

Along about nine o'clock the ship's promenade took on an entirely different aspect from usual. Devils strolled with Dresden shepherdesses on their arms. Gypsies and pirates popped out of companionways. Historical figures came to life. Bullfighters flirted with girls in bathing suits. The ballroom was a twinkling mass of lights and color; the bright-clad orchestra noisy and gay.

There were numerous Romeos, but not until Roger stepped from his cabin into the corridor was there one who really approximated that romantic character. As Roger walked along many a female let loose a heart-felt sigh.

Below in the library sat a solitary little princess. Alice, by some judicious borrowing of clothes and a few hours spent in the beauty parlor, had achieved a miracle of delicate charm. She looked as though she had just emerged from a fairy tale. From the top of her star-tipped headpiece to the toes of her silver slippers she was quite as royal as any princess of any realm.

She heard a sound and turning discovered Romeo standing beside her. He bowed and taking her hand kissed it. Then they removed their masks and stood laughing at each other. She pointed at a pile of nondescript clothes on a chair. "There you are, Romeo," she said, "see what you can do with those. I'll wait for you outside."

When Rogers reappeared he was no longer the charming figure he had been, for now he was entirely unrecognizable. He was clad in rags and tatters, the most woebegone tramp that ever asked for a handout. A mass of whiskers, with a red nose shining from their midst, completely hid his handsome features. "I'm a beaut," he said sadly. Then with eager admiration. "But you, you're lovely."

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"Thank you." She curtsied. "You're going through with it?"

"Of course. And it'll be great fun . . . Will Jake Stern be surprised when he gets a load of this outfit!" He seized her arm. "You know," he whispered, "you don't look the least bit like a schoolteacher."

"And I don't even feel like one."

They entered the ballroom, nearly overwhelmed by the motley crowd, the color, the noise and the gaiety. The orchestra began to play, and the superhobo took the princess in his arms and danced away.

By the time it was quarter of twelve, they had danced every dance together. No one recognized Roger, not even Jake Stern, though they bumped into him as frequently as possible.

"It's nearly time to unmask," Roger said. "Let's go up on the top deck and take a walk."

Alice nodded and took his arm. They pushed through the crowd and presently were sitting in a sheltered spot between a lifeboat and a great smokestack. They removed their masks and Roger lit a cigarette. They were entirely alone, and for awhile he smoked in silence.

Beside him, Alice was wondering what her pupils would say if they could see her now—especially as they knew her theories about movies. Then she thought of James. She knew that if he were sitting beside her he'd be calculating the speed of the ship by some outlandish method, such as the angle the smoke made with the horizon.

"Let's stand over by the rail," Roger said suddenly.

They watched the red arc his cigarette made as it dropped into the darkness below. Alice felt Roger's arm about her.

"You're beautiful," he said softly.

"Oh no I'm not," she retorted. "Anyway, not usually."

"Alice, look at me."

She turned her face up to his. Standing so close to him she felt very small, and not at all efficient. His eyes were intense and luminous.

"Alice, how would you like to live in Hollywood?"

"I wouldn't. Not at all."

She found she was unable to look away from his steady gaze. She felt suddenly weak. No wonder, she thought, so many women considered him irresistible. He went on earnestly, his voice low and tense.

"I'm not joking, Alice. Will you marry me?"

"Don't be so silly," she said, but there was a slight catch in her voice. "You know I'm engaged."

"That's all right. So am I."

"To that movie star?"

Roger nodded. "But it's mostly for the sake of publicity. Alice, knowing you has made me remember what I used to be like. I wasn't always conceited, and snobbish, and vain, and—and a louse."

"You're really not so bad, Roger."

"I know, but you don't realize how much good it's done me—knowing you."

They were very close now. His arms held her tightly, and Alice felt that if he should suddenly take them away she would fall in a heap. Music still throbbed in her ears, and there was a lump in her throat that nearly suffocated her.

"I'm happy, Roger," she whispered, "if I've done you some good."

"But I mean it—I want you to marry me. I've been thinking about it for days now. I love you."

The music grew louder in her ears. Her heart was pounding, her head whirling. She let her head rest upon his shoulder. Now was the time she must be strong. She swallowed hard, then took a deep breath.

"Roger," she said very slowly. "Listen to me a minute. If we had the rest of our lives to live on this ship, there might be some sense to all this. But we don't. Your life in

Hollywood is entirely different from my life. I could never enter that sort of life, and I wouldn't want to. But that is your existence, and that's where you belong. You have your career—I have James. You love your work—I love him. You have your way of living, and I have mine. And they could never be the same. Don't you see, it's impossible."

"No, I don't see." Roger's grip grew tighter.

"I'm just a little schoolteacher. I couldn't mingle with those celebrated people. I don't want to. I'd be unhappy, and so would you." She said this firmly. She had control of herself now. She saw that Roger knew she meant what she was saying.

"I'll see you in the morning," he said pleadingly. "You think about what I've said. You'll feel differently then."

"No, Roger, this is our last time together. You'll be leaving the ship early, and I won't see you again—ever."

Roger nodded sadly. "Maybe you're right. I don't know. I wouldn't want to make you unhappy. You remind me so much of that girl I used to know, that I told you about." He relaxed his hold. "One thing, will you kiss me once?"

"No, Roger." Alice freed herself with a little shake. "Goodbye."

She started away, then turned and came slowly back. "Yes, I will—just once."

He took her in his arms and kissed her, and if the world had come to an end at that moment, neither of them would have known it. He held her fiercely, and her arms circled his neck tightly. Then she gently pushed him away, her eyes shining.

"Why did you come back and kiss me?" Roger asked unsteadily.

A sad little smile touched her lips. "Just so I could tell my grandchildren," she said, her voice trembling. And turning, she ran quickly away, disappearing into the gloom.

Projection—Joan Bennett

[Continued from page 31]

ing she leaves for the studio about seven-thirty in the morning and while driving along Sunset Boulevard she writes out the menus and checks over the household bills—and woe unto the butcher who overcharges for chops. How anyone so beautiful can be so darned efficient is beyond me.

If you don't want to give Pisces too much credit, you might credit a Scottish great-aunt or grandmother (the original Bennetts came from England and Scotland) for Joan's housewifely tendencies. This flair for polishing the silver and checking over the linen was born in her, but, at the same time, good old necessity gave it ample opportunity to develop.

Shortly after Joan, at fifteen, married John Marion Fox the young couple settled in Beverly Hills, the "wrong" side of Beverly Hills, and inasmuch as there wasn't much money (Joan would never think of asking the Bennetts, or anyone, for a penny) she found herself doing all the housework, and rather liking it.

She would get her husband off to work in the morning, with a lunch she had daintily prepared herself, and then would clean house, do the laundry and prepare a nice hot dinner. When Ditty came she looked after her, too. A Hollywood dinner party was thrown into convulsions not long ago when the director-host, grumbling over the servant problem in Hollywood, announced that his Filipino valet couldn't even press his pants, and Joan, almost ethereal in blue chiffon, casually remarked that she could press pants perfectly. "I ought to be able to," she said, "I pressed my husband's pants for months."

Yes, indeed, everything in the Bennett

menage runs like clockwork, except one thing. Joan herself. She is notoriously late. This is one of her most charming inconsistencies—that is, it is charming if you aren't pacing around waiting for her some place. When she discovers she is going to be late for an engagement, it always comes to her as a great surprise, she becomes very nervous and fidgety, though heaven only knows she ought to be used to it by now as she has been late for years.

Realizing that Joan will keep them waiting for all of an hour her friends have taken the hint and are always at least forty-five minutes late themselves which saves their dispositions and tempers. But every now and then, on some rare occasion, the youngest and fairest of the Bennetts arrives on time, and hell hath no fury compared to Joan's when she has to wait. Waiting is something she can dish but can't take. Nothing makes her madder—unless it's tracking in chewing gum on her new rug.

Neatness and cleanliness are phobias with Joan. Her dresser drawers and clothes closets are so neat and orderly that any time of day and night she can put her hand right on the dress or accessory that she wants. And her friends bend double with laughter when they tell about the time last winter she went to a resort hotel to spend the week-end. She took one look at the old-fashioned bathroom in her suite and sent for the hotel maid. "Please clean the bathroom," she said politely, but the maid was in a surly mood and just wasn't going to be ordered about by those rich movie folk, so she snapped, "Moddom, I've cleaned it once today." Joan went to the telephone right away and ordered cleaning powders, an antiseptic, and a brush sent over from the nearest drugstore. When they arrived she got down on her knees and started scrubbing away for dear life.

She was snooping about under the tub,



When a famous stage play comes to the screen there is keen competition for the various parts. Jane Wyman gets a good break and will be seen in "Brother Rat."

which hadn't been washed under for at least thirty years, when there was a knock at the door. "Come in," shouted Joan, thinking the maid had had a change of heart. But it was only the mayor, and the minister, and the town officials all dressed up in their pompous best with the key to the city. They'd never seen a movie star scrubbing before! And probably never will again.

Joan has two other phobias—colds and moths. She may be having a gay time at the Trocadero some evening when a few tables away someone will sneeze. Imme-

diately all the laughter and music goes out of Joan. She begins to worry. She is positive that she is catching a cold. And the minute Joan sees a moth the poor little thing might just as well say its prayers and abandon all ideas of feasting on mink for Joan is going to run it down if it's the last thing she does.

John McClain, former reporter and now Hollywood writer, who used to be one of Joan's boy friends in the old days when she was appearing with her father in "Jarnegan" on Broadway, says that Joan is

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...AND NO TOOTH PASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



the greatest female detective in America. It seems she spends hours on tracking down a clue. "I'd rather have Scotland Yard on my trail than Joan Bennett," vows Mr. McClain who believes that Joan's success as a sleuth is due to the fact that she plays her hunches, and her hunches are usually correct. There was the famous Black Bag Mystery. Joan had a hunch that the husband of one of her close friends was doing things he shouldn't, so gum-shoe Bennett did a bit of trailing. And there was the famous Salesgirl Mystery, when Joan represented herself as being a girl from the hosiery department of a local shop, and did some pretty fancy checking up. There are a whole set of Mysteries, but I'm saving them for a series of detective stories I shall write some day about the greatest Miss Pinkerton of them all. When I asked Joan what the incentive was for her priceless sleuthing she answered, "I don't want anything put over on me—or my friends."

She who could have been an author, or an interior decorator, or a detective, or a pants presser if she hadn't been an actress is the third daughter of Richard Bennett and Adrienne Morrison and was born right into the Bennett tradition. When she was twelve she was sent to St. Margaret's Boarding School at Waterbury, Connecticut, and all her childish conceit was taken right out of her by her unappreciative schoolmates. They adored Connie, who was quite a beauty and a belle, and when Joan tried to get a little attention for herself they accused her of imitating Connie and called her "Copycat." This hurt deeply and she grew introspective. She was very quiet and rather a lonely little schoolgirl.

In 1925, at the age of fifteen, Joan's family sent her to the L'Ermitage finishing school at Versailles, France (Adrienne Morrison expected to spend the winter in Paris.) On shipboard she met John Fox, a member



In "The Lady and the Cowboy," Gary Cooper teaches Merle Oberon the roll-your-own technique.

of a prominent Seattle, Washington, family, who was on his way to London, and of course there were beautiful moonlight nights on the ocean and it was all so romantic. Several months later Joan ran away from school and married John Fox in London—a marriage that was dissolved by divorce some years later.

Soon after Diana, called Ditty, was born Joan decided to do something about her own career, especially as she was badly in need of money and much too proud to ask

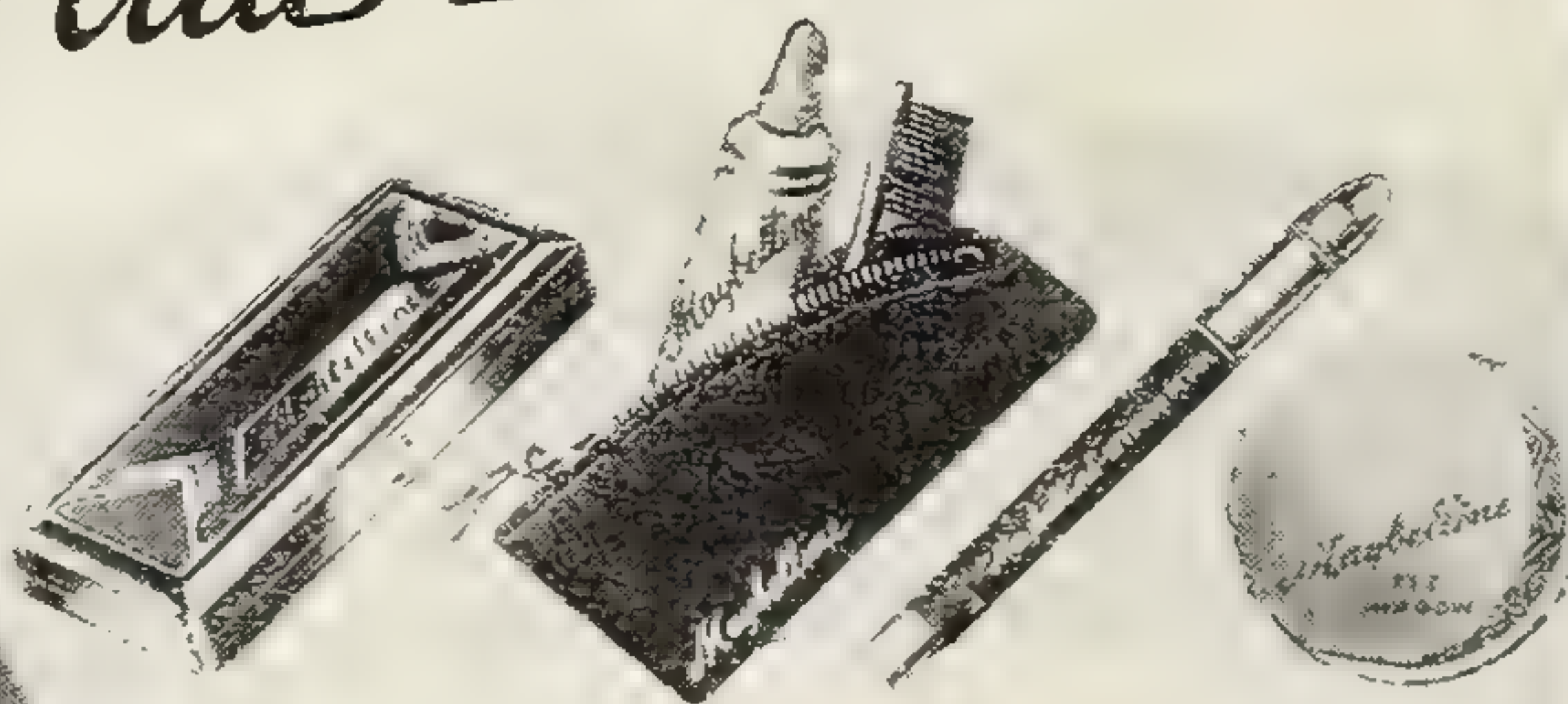
it of her family or her husband's family. She trudged from studio to studio looking for extra work and appeared as "atmosphere" in several important pictures of that period, including "The Divine Lady" which starred Corinne Griffith. It was during those hectic days that she made her real friends in Hollywood—not her success friends—and Joan is plenty smart enough to know the difference. She has never forgotten those former extras she struggled with, and several of them are her closest friends today.

When Richard Bennett heard what his talented youngest daughter was doing way out there on the West Coast he thought the independence and pride, which he so admired, had gone far enough. He insisted upon her accepting the role in a Broadway play, "Jarnegan," and he knew better than to send her any money.

Joan sold her furniture to buy transportation for herself and Ditty to New York. She was a big hit in "Jarnegan," the critics raved about her blonde charm and her flawless diction, and naturally there were many more stage offers for Dick Bennett's daughter. But the screen had suddenly found its voice and exactly one year from the time she left Hollywood, practically broke, she returned to the cinema city with a contract and a salary of four figures. After the preview of "Bulldog Drummond," in which she played the lead opposite Ronald Colman, she took her place with the Glamour Girls.

In 1931 she was thrown from a horse during the filming of a picture at the Fox Studio and her career was interrupted for many months while she recuperated in a hospital. It was during her convalescing that she met Gene Markey, writer and producer at her studio, and their romance culminated in marriage the following year. Joan retired from the screen temporarily

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SILVER SCREEN

when little Melinda was born. Much to everyone's surprise the Markeys separated over a year ago—one of those friendly Hollywood separations. Joan moved into the new home in Holmby Hills, the first home she has built in Hollywood, in January of this year, after a successful tour playing the lead in "Stage Door." Gene spends most of his time away from the studio on his boat, the "Melinda." They often meet for lunch or dinner, or an afternoon at the track.

Joan is one of the real blondes of Hollywood, her eyes are blue, and she is five feet three inches in height and weighs 110 pounds. She has a hearty appetite, as the waiters at the Beverly Brown Derby and the Vendome can tell you, and doesn't go for finicky diets. Her favorite luncheon dish is corn beef hash. And for dinner she likes thick steaks, French fried onions, baked sweet potatoes and cheese. One of her weaknesses is cheese, she'll nibble it every chance she gets.

She is near-sighted and rather than be accused of snubbing people she often wears glasses at parties and premieres. She doesn't mind about them at all, doesn't snatch them off hastily when she sees a photographer approaching the way our other movie queens do. As a matter of fact it is always the photographers who say most solicitously, "Miss Bennett, please remove your glasses." But wouldn't they like a crack at Miss Hepburn or Miss Garbo in spectacles! She adores gardenia perfume, red nail polish, first editions and the radio. She's a perfect softie when it comes to a sob story and will cry like a baby. She is generous to a fault.

She is depressingly honest with herself, knows all her faults and shortcomings, and is one of the few Glamour Girls who tells her right age. One of her favorite roles was "Sally" in "Private Worlds" and she thinks she will like "Trade Winds," her next picture. Her constant escort these evenings is Producer Walter Wanger who recently gave her a bracelet with a gold tag on which was written "Please return to Walter Wanger."

Flashshots

[Continued from page 23]

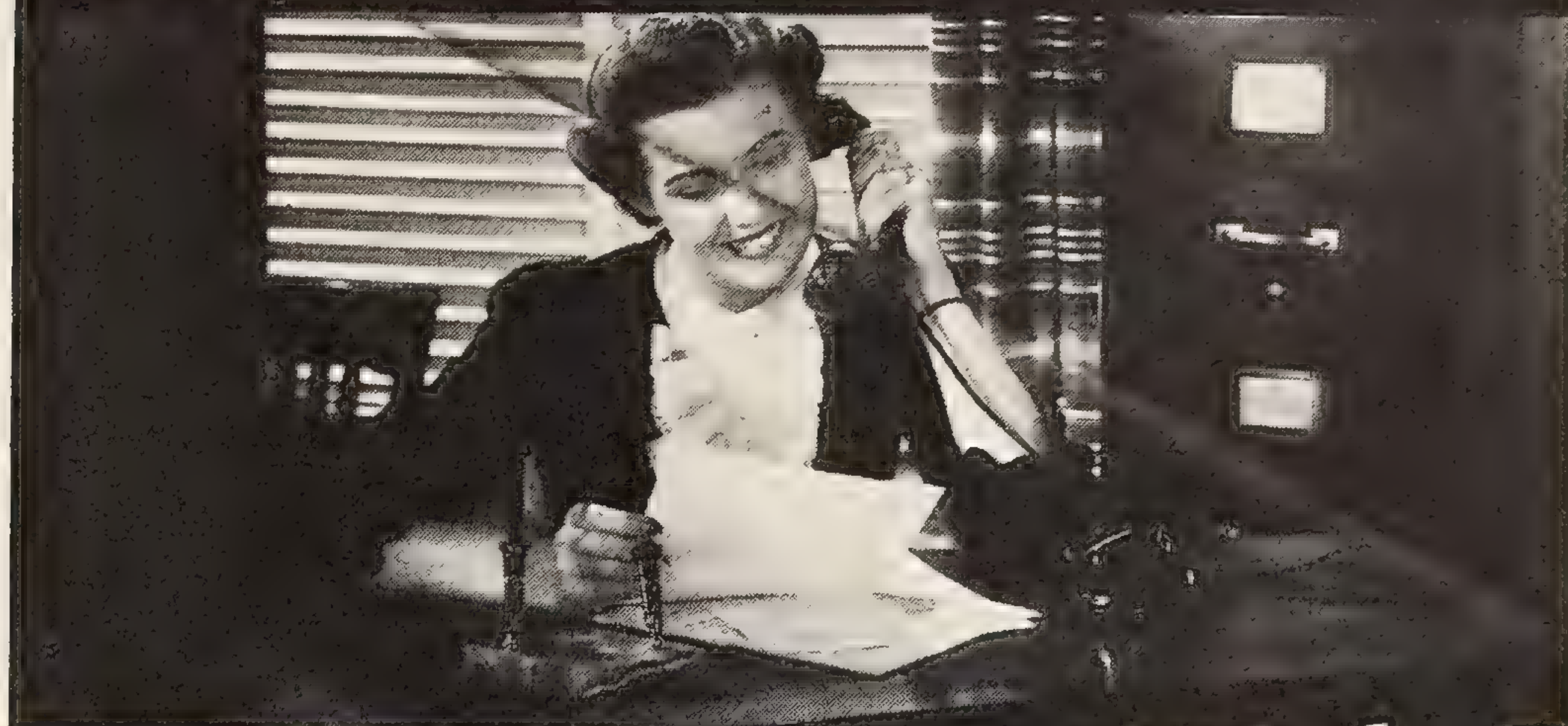
season by playing the lead in a new play called "Honey" and the next week both she and Phil played in "The Road to Rome." One afternoon I found Mary sitting alone at a table in the Green Room looking very disconsolate. "How funny it is," she sighed, "out in Hollywood I used to feel sorry for the theatre people who came out, for in Hollywood the movie people talk only of the movies and of their own work, and the poor visitors had to listen to things that couldn't possibly interest them, or be entirely neglected. Now here it is on the other foot and if one doesn't talk theatre every second, as these people do, one feels hopelessly left out of it."

I asked Mary how much she felt she could learn from an audience and she said the amount was so great that it was incalculable. That an audience's response to the playing of certain lines taught one so thoroughly how it should be done, besides, the fact that one wasn't acting to the small space of a camera, but rather to the width of an audience, made far greater demands on one's knowledge and breadth of acting.

Mary Brian was a great favorite with the people of Dennis and everyone from the Girl Scouts to the Minister came backstage to pay their compliments.

The day after "The Road To Rome" opened Sylvia Sidney arrived to play in "Pygmalion" the following week. Richard Aldrich, the theatre's handsome director, drove over to Yarmouth to meet her, but

She succeeded in Business



...but Failed as a Wife!



Pretty smart . . . But she didn't know how important "Lysol" is in Feminine Hygiene

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4—Economy . . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

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from the parlor car or coaches no Sidney appeared. Finally a call of greeting came from down the platform and there she was, emerging from the baggage car with a long, low slung baggage of a dachshund under her arm. The dog was not allowed in the parlor car but as Sylvia Sidney *was* allowed in the baggage car, it was there she chose to travel to be near her beloved "Struddles."

No novice to the theatre, La Sidney was but returning to an earlier love when she came to Dennis. It is interesting why various movie people try the theatre, and especially summer stock. Madge Evans believes that both the stage and movies will be drawn more closely together in future and that one should perfect one's technique in both mediums. Elissa Landi believes that a change from pictures to stage and vice versa is absolutely necessary to an actress from both an artistic and a commercial viewpoint, while Karen Morley believes that change from picture to theatre technique sharpens the outlook on one's profession, and that summer stock proves a relaxation and the perfect busman's holiday.

Be that as it may, all those who journeyed to Dennis this summer found a wealth of experience and considerable charm, and brought the Hollywood touch to a slumbering little Cape Cod town, which in turn, adored them for it.

Girls Never Change

[Continued from page 21]

Stanwyck is less than a niblick shot from Viola Dana. So with all of the rest of them.

The truth of the matter is that styles in heroines do not change a great deal. Clothes change, camera technique changes, but basically the love appeal and the power of attraction is the same in 1938 as it was in 1915. The types of girls do not alter. The coquette parades through the years. Some gentlemen prefer blondes, others prefer brunettes. Some want them cold and repressed, others want them more articulate. Basically, however, the heroines of 1938 are the same models, streamlined, that thrilled your Pa and Ma twenty-five years ago, just as a Robert Taylor is only a counterpart of a Rudolph Valentino.

Time marches on, but the fundamentals always are at parade rest.

Lost Allure!

[Continued from page 25]

Sonja Henie is another case in point. She may not be devastatingly beautiful. She may not make you want to be alone with her on a desert island, unless, of course, that island were in the Arctic. But when she swoops across the screen on those triumphant skates of hers, she has the power to keep you just as much enthralled as Clara Bow once did.

Unless I am mistaken, the film public, having become much larger than it once was, demands a lot more of its stars than being merely romantically exciting. It is all very well to want to be alone on a desert island with him or her, and there are a good many hers who affect me that way, but there are a lot of other appeals which an actor or actress can use.

If you look up that word glamour, you'll find that it means witchery or enchantment—the capacity to work a spell. Under the strict definition of the term I insist that a good many top-flight players have it, even though they are not exactly Valentinos or Clara Bows. There is very little scandal attached to their comings and goings either.

When people blame the players for Hollywood's drop off in glamour, I think they overlook this fact. Lewis Stone, for example,

would be more surprised than anyone if he found that he had put young girls' hearts flutter, but that doesn't prevent him from having made all the recent pictures in which he has appeared much more satisfying for his presence. You can think of more than a few others, who don't come within the romantic age limits, who know how to work a spell.

The character actors, the comedians, the song and dance experts of whatever age, make up a big chunk of the human fabric of films. Perhaps they haven't got as big a following as the great lovers, but so long as they are performing I can't see that Hollywood has lost all its glamour, new lovers or not.

As for the bad B pictures, which so often pop up on a double feature program, they certainly haven't helped the cause of the cinema. For nothing is a surer bet than that a first-rate film helps all other films and that a poor one hurts them.

Far be it from me to defend fifth-rate B offerings, but I would like to suggest that in several ways B pictures are well worth seeing. Often they have strong, moving subject matter. Sometimes they have fine, unpretentious performing.

When technical resources are used right, they add up to glamour in their own right. Jon Hall and Dorothy Lamour in their sarongs contributed the all-important human ingredients and romance to "The Hurricane," but it was the big blow which made the film outstanding. Tyrone Power, Alice Faye and Don Ameche were there to make pulses quicken in "In Old Chicago," but it was the fire which made my blood pressure go up most.

A stunning scene can't take the place of stunning players in a show in the long run, but it does contribute glamour to a production. When the scenes and the players balance almost perfectly in holding you spell-bound, as they did for me in "Test Pilot," I say the screen has its old witchery. Mr. Nathan and "Variety" notwithstanding, the motion picture is still the most exciting medium of our day. It only remains to be seen whether or not its glamour can be extended to more than the "smash naturals," as "Variety" calls them.

Let's look at a few of the new season's promises and see what they offer. On the heels of "Marie Antoinette" we are certain to have a number of historical films. From "Northwest Passage" and "If I Were King" through to the much-postponed "Gone



Starlets require relaxation, so Janet Chapman, between scenes of "Broadway Musketees," puts on her skates.

With the Wind" the screen is making great periods and great figures of the past live again. Then there is "Juarez" with Paul Muni, which is more than likely to have its share of glamour in the general sense of the word. If these spectacular shows are done with the same sure touch that was applied to "Marie Antoinette," all should be well for us film-goers.

There are to be new aviation pictures. As a matter of fact "Men With Wings" will actually reflect to some degree Howard Hughes's amazing trip around the world, tying up the glamour of fiction with the glamour of actual great deeds.

Other shows in the offing range through a variety of entertainments. Best-sellers are to take shape on the screen, from "Mme. Curie" to "The Citadel." There will be farces and melodramas, particularly the latter. Producers could do worse than follow the engaging treatment given "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" with some of the suspense shows. Don't expect to get a torrid romance in many of these promised presentations. At the same time, a number of them should have their own peculiar glamorous appeal.

If you agree with me that we film-goers have much more taste than we used to have, then you will be prepared to see and enjoy glamour in more than a passionate love scene. That other, rarer sort of glamour we will have this season, I believe, to a greater degree than ever. "Variety" may be partially right in still another headline it has had recently: "Mud-Spattered Glamour," but it is referring to a sort of witchery which is now only a small part of the tremendous appeal that the movies have on us. A lot of star dust may have been rubbed off some of the demi-gods. I claim that better and better acting, far more proficient technical production and daring treatment will restore Hollywood's glamour to the full.



In "Angels With Dirty Faces," James Cagney reverts to type with a wallop.

Do You Pass?

[Continued from page 29]

Just the opposite, Basil Rathbone believes that *permanence* is vital to everyone's future. "Have you buried your roots?" is his question. "Have you made yourself a true part of the community in which you live? Do you own your own home—as a refuge for you and for your children's children?"

Basil is doing just that, with his magnificent new estate in the Hollywood hills.

And he takes a deep delight in sponsoring local charities, in joining such fine community movements as the new Max Reinhardt festivals. He lectures often to eager students at local colleges. He aids every worthwhile cause. He makes personal appearances to benefit symphony orchestras, for the Hollywood Bowl. He can say sincerely, "A sense of responsibility for the physical and spiritual well-being of your neighbors—that's everyone's test for the future!"

Glenda Farrell is just one of the feminine players who believes that a woman's best safeguard for the future rises out of some truly feminine characteristic. She's made a specialty, off-screen, of house-planning.

"Personally," she told me, "I'm preparing for the future by investing in California real estate, for whatever sort of regime we live under, I think moderate priced homes will always be in demand here because of the climate and living conditions."

Glenda plans and decorates her own farm-homes, mostly modest cottages of four or six rooms which she rents at a small profit to young couples or retired folk of moderate means. And the genius she has shown in planning the interiors with charm and variety, on surprisingly small sums, would guarantee her a job with any architect or with a government bureau sponsoring these planned communities!

According to Warren William, the most vital question a man should ask himself, regarding the future, is whether he would go to war under any other conditions than in defense of his home or country?

"My answer," says Warren, "is definitely no. I believe that any red-blooded and able man should fight if his homeland were invaded, but otherwise I am 100 per cent pacifist. Wipe out aggressive warfare, and we will have wiped out the worst evils that the future can bring to any nation!"

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players are just an indication of how seriously—and intelligently—the movie stars are facing the future today. Maybe you won't agree with all of their opinions. But at least they prove that in a troubled world, Hollywood is alive to the possibilities, and preparing to meet them!

Joan Blondell gave us our tag line when she said, "A girl's best guarantee for the future, come what may, is a good husband. A husband who can meet the tests the other men have suggested. I think I have one." She meant, of course, Mr. Dick Powell—and perhaps, of the feminine stars we interviewed, hers is the cleverest opinion of all!

Jim At Home

[Continued from page 51]

his overpowering height. He had appeared tall on the screen, but in real life—my goodness, he was tall! He was dressed casually in a brown coat and gray flannel slacks, true to the collegiate dictum of non-matching suits, and looked much more like a college freshman than a movie star. It was hard to realize he was over twenty. He extended his hand, smiled his famous engagingly different smile, and motioned me to a chair.

"I've come," I began lamely, "to find out how a movie star spends his time at home." He grinned.

"Sleeping, mostly," he confessed. "It's so nice and quiet here. Up in my room there's an old bed that I was raised in, and I've never been able to find one like it anywhere. So when I come home, I just sleep for hours . . . and hours . . . and hours." His voice trailed along rather plaintively, then he grinned again and added briskly, "In fact, I just got up."

At this point we were interrupted by the telephone. It was one of his old friends, suggesting a set of tennis after lunch.

"You bet I'd like to play," I heard him say, "but I haven't any racquet or shoes here. . . . Well, that's fine. I'll dig up some shoes somewhere."

"Bill's going to loan me a racquet," he explained to his mother as he turned away from the phone. "I'll have to run downtown and get a pair of shoes after lunch."

"I'm sure," suggested Mrs. Stewart, "that there's a pair of your old shoes upstairs in the cubbyhole. Some you left at home when you went away. We'll hunt them up after lunch."

"No need to bother," argued Jim. "I'll just run downtown and get a pair."

"There is no point in buying new tennis shoes," asserted Mrs. Stewart practically, "when you have some here that are still good. I saw them up there just the other day. We'll hunt them up after lunch."

That apparently settled the matter of the tennis shoes. Jim again folded his long body into a comfortable chair and resumed our conversation.

"You know," he explained, "there are three or four fellows still here that I was brought up with, and it surely is swell to be able to get together with them again. The trouble with this job of mine is that I get home so seldom—this is only the second time I've been back since I've been in Hollywood; the other time was almost a year and a half ago. Of course, Mother gets out to see me occasionally—she spent all last summer with me out there—but the fellows—well, it seems an awfully long time between visits."

He reflected rather wistfully for a moment, then brightened up briskly.

"We're going to have a lot of fun tonight," he explained. "There's a particular friend of mine here named Bill Neff, and he was always clever as the dickens at

sleight of hand. When we were in high school, he used to perform at school entertainments and when they had amateur night down at the movies, and I used to be his assistant—you know, handing him silk hats and guinea pigs and stuff like that. In fact—he grinned—"you might say that's how I got my start in the theater."

"Well, yesterday the manager of the movie theater down here called up and wanted to know if we'd put on one of our shows tonight. We haven't done it for a long time, but we're going to have a rehearsal this afternoon, so I think we'll be all right. Gosh, it's going to be a lot of fun—just like old times!"

Shades of Hollywood! What's the importance of Hollywood stardom compared to the fun of being assistant to an amateur magician in a home-talent entertainment?

Just then Mr. Stewart arrived home for lunch, so I reluctantly rose to go. The entire family escorted me out to my car, Mr. Stewart regarding me a little solicitously.

"I hope," he suggested on the way out, "that if you're going to write anything, you'll be careful what you say about Jim. He's only a kid, you know, and he's still pretty new at this picture business. Just sort of getting onto the ropes, you might say."

"Have you ever been out to Hollywood since he's there?" I inquired rather irrelevantly.

"No," he replied fervently, "and I'm not going, either. I never could understand why people want to go out there peeking behind the scenes. I like to see Jim's pictures on the screen, but it would just spoil everything for me if I ever saw them being made. Why, when Jim was in New York playing in 'Yellow Jack' three or four years ago, he wanted his mother and me to come down to see the play. So we went. He had good seats for us, right up in front, and we enjoyed the show a lot. Then nothing would do but what we come backstage and meet everybody. For me, that just ruined the whole show. I want to keep on enjoying the movies as they are. I don't want to have them spoiled by having to watch the wheels go 'round behind them."

But I had almost forgotten an important part of my visit. I had brought along a borrowed camera. Would Mr. and Mrs. Stewart be good enough to pose with Jim for a picture? They protested vehemently.

"Mother and Dad are terribly camera shy," grinned Jim. "When they were in New York with me last year, you should have seen 'em run every time a photographer came our way. They're both wonderful sprinters, though Dad usually managed to outdistance Mother."

"Well, after all," put in Mrs. Stewart, "his legs are longer!"

In the meantime, I was struggling with the adjustment on the camera. It was a model unfamiliar to me, and I had misgivings about my success with it. Jim solicitously came to my rescue.

"Here, let me help you," he offered. "I know a little about cameras." He adjusted it expertly and handed it back to me. "Now come on, Mother. Just one."

He put his arm about her shoulders and smiled engagingly. Just then Mr. Stewart, who had left us for a moment to go over to his car, proudly came around the corner of the house with a paper sackful of enormous turnips which he had picked up at market on his way home.

"Just look at these," he urged Mrs. Stewart and Jim. "Did you ever see such beauties in your life? I wish I could raise stuff like this."

I snapped the picture, Stewarts, turnips and all. The family grinned as they heard the click of the shutter, and didn't seem to mind.

The Stewarts are grand! No member of that family can ever "go Hollywood."

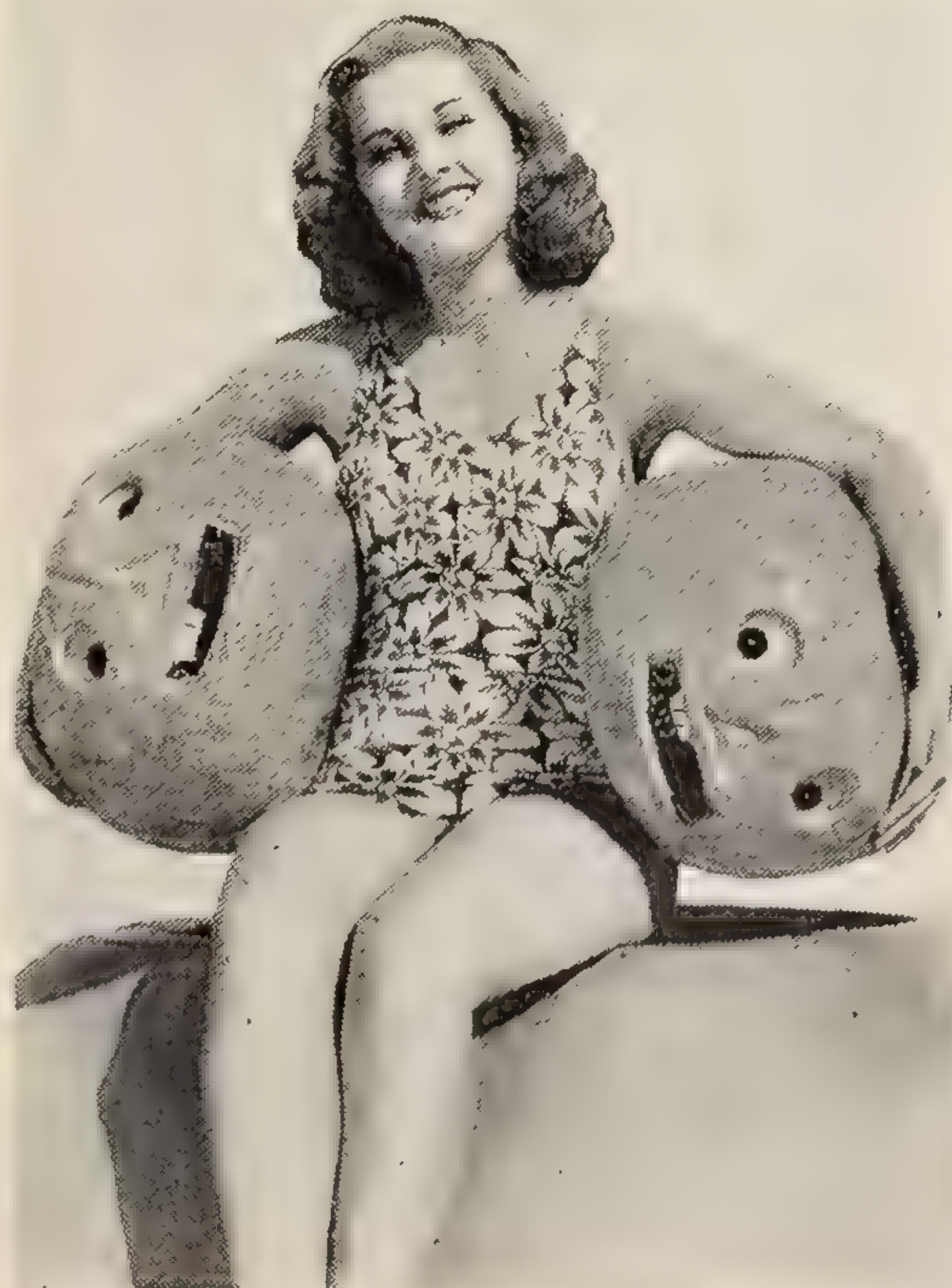
Behind the Scenes in Radio

[Continued from page 27]

that there will be no crowding when each person steps up to read his lines. In order that he may hear the performance exactly as it will sound to the armchair audience, he listens from the control room where he has a special microphone with a loudspeaker outlet on the stage so that he may direct the players from the control room. With him in the control room is the engineer. He corresponds to the cameraman on the set, for his job is to capture the performance put on by the players. The cameraman does it on film while the engineer does it with sound. He must blend the volume of sound in accordance with the quality of the actors' voices. If any one has a tendency to "blast," that is, to roar into the mike so that the engineer has to make swift shifts on his dials to keep down the roar, he'll come out of the control room and mark a chalk line on the floor, several feet away from the mike. The blaster will then literally have to toe this mark and not cross it under any circumstances while speaking, so that the total sound volume will balance.

Stop-watch in hand, the production man times each spot as the show progresses. Don ingratiatingly invites your attention to what the hour has in store, Charlie McCarthy is properly pert, Dorothy delivers her killer-diller tunes, on and on they go, the orchestra leader guides his men through the maze of melody, the announcer suavely spiels through the commercials—and after about six hours of repetition the show will at last glide along smoothly to the final chord. Elapsed time: anywhere from 56 to 58 minutes. Ah, you ask, how come? Mustn't the show be exactly 60 minutes long and end on the split second? It must and does. Here's the explanation for the unaccounted minutes.

On practically every show the actors must read their lines word for word as written. That's so that every one will come in exactly on cue. On a few shows however, especially the one presided over by Bing Crosby with the assistance of Bob Burns, this rule is quite elastic. While they do work from scripts, they are also permitted to ad lib.



The late Hollywood summer forces Punkins Parker to combine Halloween properties with the last bathing suit picture of the year.



**"HANDS can have
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Charm—"**

says Ann Miller*

(Lovely Hollywood Star)

"A MAN CAN'T RESIST the appeal of soft white hands", says ANN MILLER*, charming picture star. Even hard-working hands can be attractively smooth — Jergens Lotion helps prevent roughness and chapping.



*Ann Miller with James Stewart in Frank Capra's "You Can't Take It With You" (A Columbia Picture)

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DON'T PERMIT your hands to get rough and red because cold, wind, and frequent use of water have dried the natural moisture out of the skin.

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gredients in this fragrant lotion are used by many doctors for effective help in whitening and softening rough skin. Soothes chapping — helps restore caressing smoothness! No stickiness! Hands cared for with Jergens are adorably worthy of love. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢... \$1.00 for the special economy size... at any beauty counter.



Soon helps even rough, neglected hands to be soft and velvet-smooth.

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The more important reason is that the producer knows that extra minutes will be consumed by the studio audience in laughter and applause—he hopes. In an effort to cue this response from the studio audience, the announcer is often equipped with a large sign on which is written the word "applause" and for a few minutes before the broadcast actually starts he will rehearse the audience to applaud when he signals the proper moments and to fade out with their hand-clapping as he lowers the sign, all to get them into the proper mood to enjoy the show. All through the show the orchestra leader will constantly look toward the producer in the control room, for signals about time. If the ad libbing or the laughter and applause has not lasted long enough to take up the time provided for them, the producer will make a certain signal with his hand by which the orchestra leader knows that he must add another chorus to the musical number he is playing. On the other hand, if the ad libbing or applause have run over the minutes provided by them, by another prearranged signal from the producer the orchestra leader knows he is to cut a verse or a chorus from a musical number. Needless to say, the commercial announcement is never left out.

On a straight dramatic show, such as the one presided over by veteran movie director Cecil B. DeMille, in which tabloid versions of stage and screen hits are prepared for radio, the big problem is the actor's proper interpretation of the lines for broadcasting. "When a stage or screen star comes to the microphone for the first time," says Mr. DeMille, "there is one thing I can always expect and I am seldom disappointed. That is, they all overact. Both the stage and screen employ sight as well as sound and when these performers who have been accustomed to the support of gestures, costumes and scenery suddenly realize that the microphone deprives them of such props so that they must project the story by voice alone, they become panicky and so overact.

"My big job then is to re-establish their self-confidence, to get them to read their lines easily and conversationally, and to show them how the script has been written so that the action goes along and is portrayed by dialogue alone, perhaps with the occasional aid of background music or sound effects. But the actor has nothing to do with these for the sound effects man and the musical director also have copies of the script and know just when to come in with their effects as the actor speaks.

"Once I've gotten this across to my actors, I get a very creditable radio drama. And I'm often in the very delightful predicament of being able to direct stars in the radio studio who would be inaccessible to me on the movie lot because we are under contract to different companies."

Well, the rehearsal and the timing are all in order, but you can't sit back yet and take it easy. Oh my, no! For, before any show may be broadcast, the entire script including the commercial announcements, must be read and approved by the network. The movies make no bones about having a censor to keep every one within the bounds of good taste. The networks declare they have no censorship department; they usually call it a "continuity acceptance department" but it functions the same way.

Radio material is carefully scrutinized so that off-color jokes, language of doubtful propriety, or misleading advertising do not get on the air. The reason for this is twofold. First, a radio station technically has but six months of existence, because that is the length of the period covered in the license granted it by the Federal Communications Commission, supreme czar of broadcastland. The Commission may revoke or fail to renew the license at any time "in the public interest" if it finds that a radio

station is not heeding its advice about suppressing material of a questionable nature. On the other hand, the continuity acceptance department may put thumbs down on material that is legally O.K. but which it feels will nevertheless offend the majority of listeners. Since the idea of the broadcast is to court the listener's good will so that he will buy the sponsor's product, it is easy to see how offensive material may antagonize him to the extent of not only switching to another program but of boycotting that particular product. Performers who would not pay attention to requests to refrain from ad libbing distasteful material have been barred from broadcasting.

There then, is the radio-backstage picture, framing only the most important problems that must be ironed out week after week as the big league shows take to the networks. Mention must also be made of the ever-present fear that something may happen to the performer at the last minute to prevent him from broadcasting. When an actor becomes ill in the movies, scenes are shot around him or work may even be suspended until he gets well again. But willy-nilly, the radio show must go on no matter how much difficulty there is in finding a substitute. The wonder of it all is that they do manage to put on a show and put it on on time. Naturally, not all broadcasts are up to par, just as not all movies are good, in spite of the impressive casts they may boast. In either case, it isn't that they deliberately set out to give you a shoddy show. It's simply that they misjudged what would appeal to you. But even shows that turn out poorly take time, thought and effort to put together. While they operate on a budget in the movies and try to stick to the shooting schedule, they do have some leeway when things go wrong. But not with radio. Be the material good or bad, at the appointed time the show must go on!

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BEAUTIGLAN Dept. A 2
 31 bis, Rue Molitor
 PARIS (16me), FRANCE



Beautiful Invaders

[Continued from page 53]

supposed to have a pyrotechnical personality. So imagine my surprise when the delectable Danielle drew up a high stool, perched atop it, and chatted in friendly fashion with the crew! Let her describe her zestful Americanization: "It is very exciting. At the games and parades, people yell and slap me on the back, so I yell and slap them on the back, and that makes me a good American! *Oui!*"

Most of those million dollars which her Universal contract specifies for five years' stardom will be banked. At twenty-one, she has a business-like brain. No spending splurge for her!

With her husband, M. Henri Decoin, aviator and playwright, she attends the sporting events and occasionally dines in restaurants, that this Bisque figurine with a rather astonishing appetite may try the American cuisine. Her favorite food is "the superb apple, when you get it out of the wrapper—you know, top-side, bottomside." I finally deduced correctly: she meant apple pie.

"Glamour?" She lifts delicate eyebrows, chuckles, and ripostes: "Is that not just to be healthy and attractive? Walk and swim, eat what you want, get the good sleep, be full of the happy spirit."

Hollywood she calls "a holiday town," because people are so gay. During her wait of almost six months for her picture to start, she devoted herself to smoothing her speech and to seeing the sights.

Danielle claims America as her "great-grandmother-land." Born of a French father and an Algerian mother, she adds, "I have one Polish grandmother and one great-grandmother from the United States. So I have the right to accomplish the make good here."

When she was born—in Bordeaux—her father, Dr. Jean Darrieux, was on duty on the war front. After the Armistice they moved to Paris, where they lived in "a very little house" in the Rue de la Pompe.

Her mother was a singing teacher. At four Danielle began her piano lessons and at fourteen was playing the violin-cello, an instrument almost as big as herself, and studying at the Lycee La Tour and the Conservatoire de Musique.

One day she read an advertisement saying that a girl of her age was needed by Vandal et Dolac, producers, to play the heroine of Irene Nemirowski's novel, "Le Bal." She took the bus to the offices, interviewed director Thiele—and got the job.

"No, my parents do not object," she told me. "They think it is amusing that all of a sudden they have an actress in the family."

One thing led to another, and Danielle was sent to Munich, to Berlin, to Prague and to Sofia, for films among the twenty-four in which she was starred, and for which she was given the Grand Prix International, a cherished award of merit abroad.

The dainty but dynamic Danielle wasn't satisfied, however. There was still the stage to be conquered. At the try-out of "Jean Dangereux," in Belgium during Christmas week of 1935, she was called before the curtain twenty times and summoned to the royal box for congratulations. Later, at the Theatre de la Madeleine in Paris, the play ran for weeks. Then radio claimed her and she made twenty broadcasts.

Along the way to fame she met M. Decoin and they discovered an intense and mutual interest in the cinema. She blithely describes his courtship: "He calls me when he thinks up an idea for a play, or when he has written a scene—three, four o'clock in the morning. That goes on for weeks, when I

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Her lustrous white teeth were kept polished and healthy by exercise on tough, chewy foods. We moderns eat softer foods that give our teeth too little healthful exercise.



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Get this help in guarding against
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Are ugly skin eruptions spoiling your good times . . . making others shun you? Find out what the trouble may be—and take steps to help it.

Between the ages of 13 and 25, or even longer, important gland changes often upset the system. The skin often becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons from the intestinal tract may get into the blood stream . . . and be carried to the skin to cause disfiguring pimples.

Many have been helped by the regular use of Fleischmann's Yeast. Millions of tiny, live plants in each cake of this fresh food act to help keep intestinal waste poisons from the blood . . . and so help your broken-out skin. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast now—one cake ½ hour before meals. Buy some today!

am seventeen. Maybe he thinks it is cheaper to marry me and save the telephone bill." Gleams of mischief flickered under lashed eyes, adding speculative interrogation to her Gallic shrug.

"So we get married by the elopement and tour Bavaria and Italy until one day in Venice, as I step out of a gondola, I am handed a telegram ordering me to return for 'Mayerling'. Because of that picture's success, we are brought to Hollywood, I to act, my husband to write. Voila!"

At the age of 16 Hedy Lamarr was given the leading feminine role in a Czechoslovakian picture made in Prague and released under the title of "Ecstasy." The film caused little excitement at the time, and Hedy subsequently made several pictures, receiving much favorable comment from the European film critics.

Soon her work attracted the attention of Max Reinhardt and she made her stage debut under his capable direction. It was shortly after her first stage appearance that she met and married Fritz Mandl, wealthy president of the Hirstenberg Munitions Works of Austria.

Only a short while after her marriage her almost forgotten picture, "Ecstasy," suddenly bounded into the spotlight of publicity, and was awarded the top Italian cinematic award by Mussolini. Mandl, conservative and averse to the unwelcome publicity thus aroused, made an effort to buy up all prints.

A short while ago Miss Lamarr came to America after an amicable separation from Mandl, hopeful of pursuing a serious screen career in Hollywood. She occupies a seven room house in Beverly Hills, and drives her own car.

Hedy is a girl with an enviable cultural background. She speaks both French and German fluently, and in the past year has so definitely mastered the English language that she speaks it with scarcely a trace of accent.

She is an expert swimmer and a great lover of all types of sport. All her life she has been a skiing enthusiast and has spent many winters in Switzerland.

To familiarize herself with modern American screen technique, she makes it a point to attend a motion picture every single day—a fact which has also helped tremendously in facilitating her learning of English.

After waiting for many months, Hedy was given her opportunity and scored a great hit in "Algiers." She likes our country, particularly because she can have ice-cream every day!

She is five feet seven inches tall, has a wealth of brown hair and eyes that are a deep violet blue. She is gracious, charming—quite definitely a friendly person who is easy and pleasant to know.

Olympe Bradna was an entr'acte. That is, she was born in a dressing-room at the Olympic Theatre in Paris, where her parents were circus performers. When their horses and dogs died, Papa Bradna trained the gifted Olympe. At the advanced age of eighteen months she made her debut.

Her nimble feet danced all over Europe. Gustav, king of Sweden, signed her autograph album, the Prince of Wales presented her with flowers at Biarritz, and at Monte Carlo the Princess of Monaco gave her a little silver watch.

On tour she sent in her lessons to the Paris school which she attended when she was appearing in the city. Her education was completed a few months ago in the Paramount studio school.

Miliza Korjus, Viennese singer, is given a role in "The Great Waltz" after two years of waiting, and Franciska Gaal, the beauty from Budapest, after "The Buccaneer" draws a lead with Bing Crosby.

But, with these exceptions, it looks like a field day for France!

"Shooting" the Lumberjacks

[Continued from page 55]

but two days by weather during its stay in Eureka.

By arrangement with the Screen Actors' Guild, the studio secured its extras on the spot from local employment agencies. It was a big task to handle the hundreds of untrained people. This was accomplished by spotting the twenty odd stock and bit players, brought from Hollywood, in the ranks of the extras. The trained men showed the untrained ones how to behave before a camera.

There were plenty of interesting and amusing little happenings, as is always the case when a big troupe is on location. Here are some of them:

Alan Hale, one of the featured players, attended school in Eureka when he was a young boy. He was given a dinner at the country club by his old classmates during his recent stay.

Claire Trevor, feminine star of the show, received two telephone calls a day from her fiancé, Clark Andrews, a Hollywood radio commentator, while she was in the northern city. They are now married.

Mayor John Quinn and the business men of Eureka petitioned Warners to premiere "Valley of the Giants" in Eureka. This may be done.

Acrophobia, or fear of high places, almost cost Dick Purcell his life. One scene called for him, as a villain of the picture, to go out on a high railroad trestle and cut the underpinnings.

Once out on the trestle, Purcell couldn't stand the height and had to lie on the track to keep from toppling into the canyon. Harry Cording, who was in the scene with Purcell, dragged the actor back to safety.

Frog shooting was a favorite outdoor sport. Claire Trevor proved herself an expert frog huntsman the first time out. Though she had never fired a .22 rifle before, she bagged 18 bull frogs. As a result, the cast dined on frogs' legs that night.

Redwood poisoning, caused by the sap of the giant redwood trees, caused considerable discomfort. Several members of the camera crew, including Al Greene, assistant to Sol Polito, and many of the grips were afflicted. Claire Trevor, Wayne Morris, Charles Bickford and other members of the cast escaped.

For the first time in history, a theatre audience in Eureka saw the "rushes" of a motion picture in production.

Unable to get into a theatre in Eureka before the first showing of the evening, Director William Keighley had the manager run the rushes of work done so far among the redwoods, after the first show at 9:00 o'clock. The theatre was filled at the time.

Wayne Morris' twenty dollar automobile almost landed him in jail.

He bought the car, a 1923 sedan, from a used car dealer to drive on sight-seeing trips when he wasn't working. After it was delivered he parked it on a side-street back of the Inn.

At dinner Charles Bickford, Dick Purcell, Alan Hale and Russell Simpson asked Morris to show them his car. He led them out to it and found it lying on its side on the sidewalk. A traffic officer was standing guard.

"Who owns this," the officer wanted to know.

"He does," Bickford said, and pointed to Morris.

"Get it off the sidewalk," the officer said.

"Come on fellows," Morris said. But his friends had vanished. He had to ask assistance from passersby to right the vehicle.

He tried for days to find out who tipped it over.

Morris set a record while on the location. In one evening he wrote his autograph 210 times.

Just as the star was finishing his dinner, the autograph hunters, most of them boys and girls in their teens, stormed the Eureka Inn. They formed in line and Morris sat at a desk and began signing autograph books. He completed the task two hours later.

Director Keighley wanted actual scenes of big trees being felled and getting the shots proved to be the hardest job on location. The Hammond Lumber Company was cutting in an isolated section twenty miles from Eureka. A railroad ran within two miles of operations. From there, one had to walk up a hill along the logging path. The path led along ten and twelve foot logs and not once in the trip did anyone walk on solid ground. A skeleton crew of twenty-five men, including Keighley, Morris, Hale and Cinematographer Sol Polito, made the trip and each man had to carry cameras, properties and other equipment. But the trip was worth while for that day the loggers cut down two giant trees, one twenty feet in diameter and 350 feet tall, the other 17 feet in diameter and 325 feet tall—the largest trees that had been felled in twenty-five years.

Light conditions were particularly bad in the redwood groves. To film love scenes between Morris and Miss Trevor, and some of the fight scenes, Keighley found it necessary to have loggers trim out small trees and underbrush before he could make the shots. He let sunlight in to places that hadn't seen sunlight in thousands of years.

No army faced bigger engineering problems than did the "Valley of the Giants" company. Art Director Ted Smith was called upon to throw a 30 foot high dam



Lloyd Nolan is getting to be a big man in pictures and his fame is growing. His next picture is "King of Alcatraz."

across the raging Van Duzen river and to blow it up for one scene. He and the powder men put 1500 pounds of dynamite into the dam for the explosion. To protect the cameramen, shelters were built along the river banks and from these the cameras recorded the blast. His next job was to lay tracks on an unused trestle, then cut the

underpinnings so when a log train sped across it the whole structure would collapse. Both scenes went through without a hitch.

So efficiently was the company organized that on several days production records were set. One day, Director Keighley blew up the dam at Bridgeville, 50 miles south of Eureka, in the morning, moved 40 miles to a lumber mill and made two scenes in the logging pond, then moved 20 miles north of Eureka to the logging railroad and made five more scenes there, finishing work at 6:00 o'clock in the evening. Another day, 60 setups were made. On practically every big scene five technicolor cameras and two black and white cameras were trained.

This wasn't the first time "Valley of the Giants" had been filmed at Eureka. In 1918 it was made there with Wally Reid in the Morris role. Again in 1927 it was made with Milton Sills. Both Reid and Sills were severely injured on location. Morris escaped with a cracked tooth—he fell while walking up a log skid at the Hammond Lumber mill.

Several extras who worked in the new technicolor version of "Valley of the Giants" had worked in one of the others. One, Elmer Milotte, worked in all three. He was a fireman on the Wally Reid version, a locomotive engineer on the Milton Sills version, and a donkey engine operator in the present version.

The company was demobilized much faster than it was mobilized. Director Keighley made his last shot at 5:30 on the afternoon of June 16 at a spot 30 miles from Eureka. Equipment was rushed to the special train and loaded into cars. The troupe was fed. The members packed their trunks.

At 9:00 o'clock that night the train rolled out of town headed for Hollywood and home.

Cupid dips his arrows in this Fragrance!



MOVE tonight in a new aura of glamour... Enjoy a perfume that whispers of your loveliness and weaves a spell of enchantment... Wear Evening in Paris, known the world over as "the fragrance of romance."

Evening in Paris Keyed Scents... your key to perfume harmony. Make all your beauty preparations Evening in Paris in the same, exquisite scent. Among these are Evening in Paris Face Powder, \$1.10... Evening in Paris Perfume, 55c to \$10.00.

At drug and department stores everywhere



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Evening in Paris

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The Final Thing

SILVER SCREEN MAGAZINE congratulates the film industry on its latest innovation—a smashing \$1,000,000.00 advertising and publicity campaign for "Motion Pictures' Greatest Year." In a spirit of helpful co-operation, the producers in Hollywood, the film distribution agencies and the theatre owners and managers have banded together to bring home to the public at large, more forcibly than ever before, a realization that the screen is the most glamorous and accessible form of popular-priced entertainment in the world today.

The campaign to promote movie-going starts with a "Movie Quiz." The First Prize in this contest will be \$50,000.00 and there are 4,999 other prizes.

The contest starts on September 1st and continues to December 31st. It will take the form of a questionnaire on some 90 to 120 pictures issued between August 1st and Oct. 31st, but contestants will not be required to see this whole list of pictures—they can select any 30 of the number in order to be eligible as entrants. Booklets listing the productions and the questions to be answered concerning them, will shortly be available at every theatre in the United States and Canada. There is no entrance fee and no charge for the attractive rotogravure booklets giving all rules and details.

The readers of SILVER SCREEN are fans and they know the movies, so perhaps one of them will win the \$50,000.

Why not?

COMING UP!

IN PREPARATION for the next issue of SILVER SCREEN are a number of interesting articles and also several intimate interviews:

"Treasured Memories." This article, written by one of the best writers in the star colony, quotes from conversations with players, and gives a real idea of their true selves as only a writer of Gladys Hall's proven ability could give us.

* * * *

DO YOU realize that there is a man in Hollywood who has re-shaped the personalities of many of our stars? Changing, teaching, developing, inspiring and finally launching his proteges. Such is the work of this great teacher, and Leon Surmelian has brought him closer to us and, by so doing, given us a new knowledge of many interesting players.

* * * *

MANY A TIME we have looked at some movie hero in a military part and wondered where the actor was during the great war—under the bed or where? Gordon R. Silver has found out for us and it makes an article that you must not miss.

* * * *

LISTENING to the radio broadcasting of football games and other sporting events is a part of our athletic training. But what gets us all of a lather is when the voice talking says: "Sweeney has the ball—there he goes—No, I mean Fiddleburt has the ball—Jones tackles—No, I mean Splitz blocks him—No, I mean—"

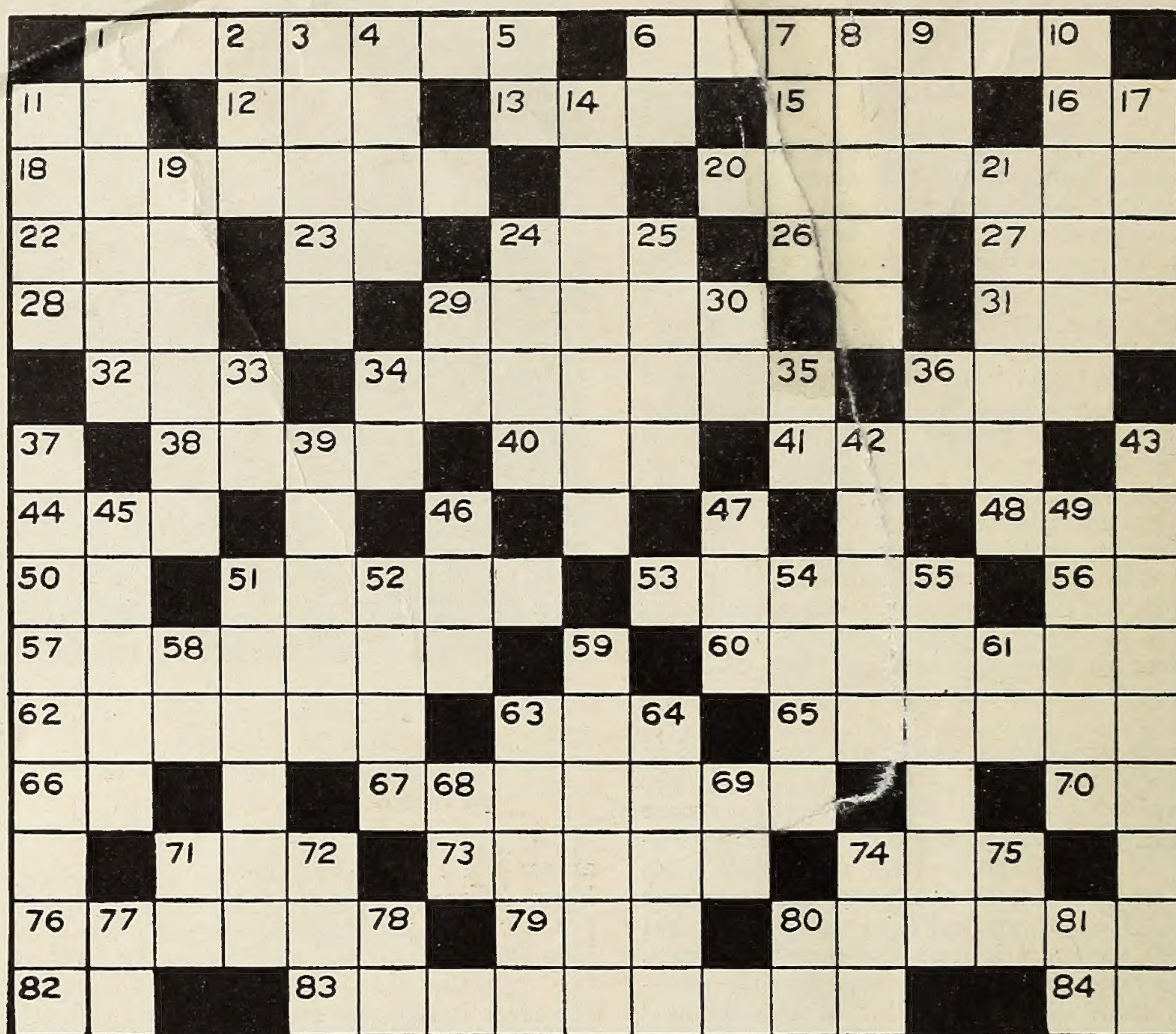
Read how the announcer does it. See November SILVER SCREEN.

And that completes Volume Eight. Now we're getting somewhere!

Eliot Keen
Editor

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

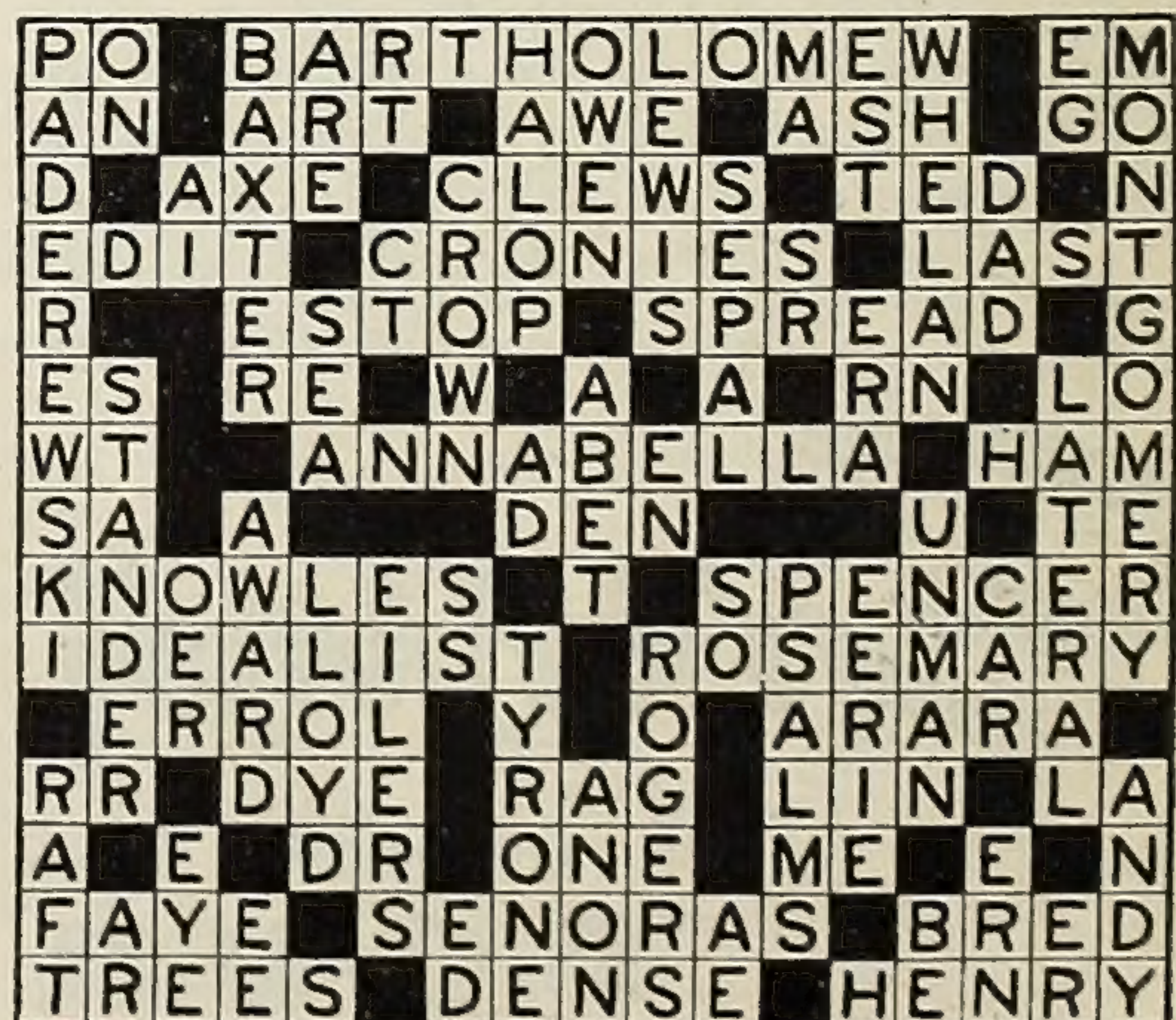
- 1 In "Shopworn Angel"
- 6 "Chick" in "Having Wonderful Time"
- 11 Preposition
- 12 Drunken brother in "Holiday"
- 13 Self
- 15 Discharge a debt
- 16 Western state (abbr.)
- 18 In "The Affairs of Annabel"
- 20 Heroine in "Call of the Yukon"
- 22 Malayan peasant
- 23 Civil Service (abbr.)
- 24 Public notices
- 26 North latitude (abbr.)
- 27 Greek letter
- 28 The eye
- 29 Command
- 31 In place of
- 32 Wooden vessel
- 34 Star of "Marie Antoinette"
- 36 Commit a wrong
- 38 In "Fast Company"
- 40 Part of the verb "to be"
- 41 Masculine name
- 44 Tavern
- 48 Title of address (abbr.)
- 50 Denial
- 51 Decreases
- 53 Beverage
- 56 Evangelical Union (abbr.)
- 57 In "Mother Carey's Chickens"
- 60 In "Blockade"
- 62 Star of "Gold Diggers in Paris"
- 63 Bess in "Adventures of Robin Hood"
- 65 Sell in small quantities
- 66 Within
- 67 In "Garden of the Moon"
- 70 Symbol for titanium
- 71 Period of time
- 73 Taunts
- 74 Member of Hindu-Chinese tribe
- 76 In "Boy Meets Girl"
- 79 The first woman
- 80 In "Men Are Such Fools"
- 82 Expression of joy
- 83 In "The Rage of Paris"
- 84 Type measure

DOWN

- 1 Roving bartender in "Three Blind Mice"
- 2 Biblical high priest
- 3 In "Professor, Beware"
- 4 Pointed instruments
- 5 Symbol for tellurium
- 6 Perform
- 7 On
- 8 In "Too Hot To Handle"
- 9 Caustic alkaline solution
- 10 In "Saint in New York"
- 11 Lowest female voice
- 14 In "The Young In Heart"
- 17 Former Emperor of Russia
- 19 Captain Briggs in "Lord Jeff"
- 21 Take again, as with a camera

- 24 Any open space
- 25 Wither
- 29 Expression of surprise
- 30 Regarding (abbr.)
- 33 British Isles (abbr.)
- 34 Errant young woman in "Condemned Women" (initials)
- 35 Regarding (abbr.)
- 36 Part of Greater New York (abbr.)
- 37 Leader of harmonica wizards
- 39 Pursue
- 42 Heroic little lad in "My Bill"
- 43 Dress model in "Hold That Kiss"
- 45 In "Holiday"
- 46 Human beings
- 47 Fabulous mythical bird of Arabia
- 49 Lighted again
- 51 The girl in "Boy Meets Girl"
- 52 Famous playwright
- 54 Now making "Gunga Din"
- 55 In "You Can't Take It With You"
- 58 One of the Lane Sisters (initials)
- 59 Herb used for winter salads
- 61 Former character actor (initials)
- 63 Not married
- 64 Flower
- 68 Neutral pronoun
- 69 In a like manner
- 71 For example (abbr.)
- 72 Beak of a bird
- 74 Wild ox of Tibet
- 75 Southern state (abbr.)
- 77 A river in Livonia
- 78 Period of time (abbr.)
- 80 In "Hunted Men" (initials)
- 81 That is (abbr.)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



OUT IN HOLLYWOOD ...

where a Complexion Care
has to work _

*JOAN
BLONDELL*

WARNER BROS. STAR

I ALWAYS USE
LUX TOILET SOAP.
IT REMOVES
COSMETICS
THOROUGHLY



SCREEN STARS USE
LUX TOILET SOAP
BECAUSE IT HAS
ACTIVE LATHER. THIS
SAFE, EASY CARE
GUARDS AGAINST
COSMETIC SKIN

*BARBARA
STANWYCK*

STAR OF THE
20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION
"ALWAYS GOODBYE"



and in your own home town



SCREEN STARS
OUGHT TO
KNOW ABOUT
COMPLEXION
CARE



AND BELIEVE ME
THEY DO



IT'S MY NICE, SMOOTH SKIN
THAT'S MADE A HIT WITH BILL.
I USE COSMETICS, BUT I'LL NEVER
RISK **COSMETIC SKIN**



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

3 of the most popular post-debutantes of New York

Beatrice "Milo" Gray Peggy Stevenson Le Brun Rhineland



SQUIRED BY A LONG LIST OF ELIGIBLES, THEY ATTEND IMPORTANT TOWN AND COUNTRY PARTIES...
SPEND THEIR DAYTIME HOURS IN CHARITY WORK AND SPORTS ACTIVITIES

"MILO"... Blonde, brown-eyed daughter of the Henry G. Grays. Extremely vivacious... well-liked. Her name is forever cropping up in the society columns as "being here" or "going there"... She studies fashion designing... takes part in charity work... swims, ice-skates, loves to hunt. She is a Camel smoker. In fact, "I smoke *nothing* but Camels," she says. "Camels are so mild. And when I'm tired, smoking Camels gives my energy a 'lift'." As one of her set puts it: "Oh, there are so many ways in which Camels *agree* with me!"

"PEGGY"... Daughter of the Philip Stevensons... A tall, slim creature whom even critical society photographers call "beautiful"... She's been fêted from Newport to Palm Beach... Usually on hand when charitable activities are being planned... Golf is her favorite game... Camels, her favorite cigarette... "Camels never tire my taste," she says. "And they never get on my nerves at all. Oh, I like Camels in so many ways!" Evidently, Peggy Stevenson appreciates what is meant when steady smokers say: "Camels *agree* with me!"

"LE BRUN"... She is a member of a historic Knickerbocker family... the daughter of Philip Rhineland 2nd... In sports, she favors the sailing at Bar Harbor, the hunts at Aiken... Her lovely eyes and ivory skin distinguish her in any gathering... She is known among her friends for her loyalty to Camels. "Camels are different!" she says. "For instance, with Camels, even after steady smoking, I have no jangled nerves. And Camels are always gentle to my throat." Adding: "Camels *agree* with me in *every* way!"

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE
COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE LARGEST-
SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Camels are a matchless blend of finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
—Turkish and Domestic

ONE SMOKER
TELLS ANOTHER



Among the many distinguished matrons
who find that Camels are delightfully different:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia	Mrs. Alexander Black, Los Angeles
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston	Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston	Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia
Mrs. S. Kip Farrington, Jr., New York	
Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia	
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York	Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., New York
Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, Pasadena	
Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago	

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"Camels agree with me"

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